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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

Increasing the public debt in time of peace just to please a lot of heartless skalawags who have a corner in gold is enough to warrant the people in declaring war.

The law says redeem in coin. Silver is coin but Mr. Carlisle does not know it. There is plenty of silver in the treasury, but he is using only for go'd to redeem with. If he would begin to pay out silver he would burst the gold combine.

President Cleveland has recently declared that "the people rule." This is rather pleasing information just at this time, for the people of the people West have been impress:d with the belief that Wall street and the great trusts and corporations were doing all the ruling.—Rocky Mountain News

The Democratic press is making considerable noise about the pledge in the national Democratic platform to break up and abolish trusts, and calls upon Attorney General Olney to do his duty in that direction. Until Mr. Oley vacates his position as counsel for the Boston and Maine and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads he will hardly find time to commence war upon any great monopolies or corporations.

Suppose a gang of speculators cornered tin and got a law passed that tin must be recognized as the only legal tender money metal.

Would'nt that gang thrive?

Wouldn't they be in clover?

Rothschilds and the bank of Eng- and own 3,000 million of the 3,700 million dollars worth of coined in the kne Are you a patriot when you throw up your hat for the party that represents the gold combine?—Denver Road.

The small fry Raleigh politicians are piping hot because the civil service regulations have been applied to the Raleigh postoffice. This will keep nearly every Republican clerk and employee in office under a Democratic postmaster, who will be appointed. All this shows that when the Raleigh politicians were howling for Cleveland and Civil Service "reform" he was either insincere or else did not know what he was howling for. It is now evident that he was after spoils. But it is certainly right and for the best, or Cleveland would not be for it, so these little politicians should shut up.

The Charlotte Observer commenting on some of the bad laws passed by the Republicans in the Reed Congress and trying to excuse the Democrats in the last Congress for not repealing them says:

"But whether or not the last Congress could have undone or the next Congress should undo all the work of the Fifty-first, the fact remains that it was the work of this body which has brought the country so near the verge of bankruptcy.

Are we to understand from this that the Observer is willing to content itself while the people continue to suffer, by saying that the laws were passed of the Republican party? The people expect the Democrats to reform and repeal these bad laws and if it does not do it (and did not try to in the last Congress) then it is more culpable than the Republican party, for they will be adding the crime of hypocrecy.

General A. J. Warner President of the Bimetalic Legion in a recent speech said: "The requirmet of the world is more standard money to redeem with, and not more promises to be redeemed in gold." The Rocky Mountain News commenting on this declaration says: "It is the financial problem solved in a paragraph". It seems to us that it would be common sense to see what kind and how much money the United States needs, before we concern ourselves about arranging for the whole world. Part of the world will want one kind and part another. For instance, England will want us to have a credit money based on gold and she will offer to furnish the gold—that is buy our bonds if we will make them payable both interest and principal in gold. Then she will control our money and hence will control us. The people don't want a money that is to be redeemed in another kind of money, but a money that is legal tender, every dollar standing on its own bottom and will pay every debt as good as any other dollar. And if Congress had the nerve and the honesty to declare every dollar, paper or metal, a full legal tender then this would be the case and you would hear no more about gold leaving the country or silver depreciating or any such rot which is now used to humbug and rob the people.

The money which will be lost by the present poorly organized labor strikes in the United States would, if saved and pooled into one fund, provide for such a labor movement as would sweep half the congressional and State elections next year. As it is, the longest pocketbook will win as usual in such struggles. Voting is a better remedy than strikes. Vote right and there will be no necessity for strikes.

Some of the bitter partisans thought, no doubt, when the Legislature passed the bill repealing the Alliance charter that the organization would be so crippled that it would eventually be crushed. That was their hidden purpose, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee." They tackled the wrong set, and their partisan work may yet act as a boomerang. The reports and the denuciatory resolutions sent out by the Alliances show that the brethren feel the outrage deeply.

THE NEW YORK WORLD WAKING UP.

The intelligent and honest "plain people" will say that the party came into power on false pretenses or it is incapable of effecting the reforms it promised. In either case the increasing body of independent voters, who hold the balance of power in elections, will be disgusted. The Democratic party cannot retain power without their sympathy and approval. This may as well be recognized first as last.

The time has gone by when any party cannot achieve a permanent success by insincerity and humbug. Democrats who think it safe to ignore their public pledges are the worst enemies the party can have.

With Democrats in control of both houses of Congress there can be no division of responsibility, no shifting of the blame. For whatever is done and whatever fails to be done the Democratic party will have the whole responsibility, and cannot escape it.—N. Y. World.

ENGLISH FARMERS IN THE SAME FIX.

The undeveloped resources of the United States have been so immense that the evil effects of the contraction of the currency has been less perceptible. Yet with us, the monetary stringency to which it gave rise has crippled the agricultural industry and loaded it with a bopeless burden of mortgage indebtedness. It has wrought the same or a worst ruin to the farming interest of England. The proceedings of the agricultural Congress of a few months ago demonstrated that English farmers are beginning to understand the cause of their oppression, and American farmers are fast learning to place the responsibility for the bulk of their financial troubles where it properly belongs— to falling prices and business stagnation, caused by scarcity of money—conditions wrought by ruthless averace for the purpose of causing a shrinkage in all values except the value of money due to the monopolists of wealth.

THE LINE OF DEMARCATION GETTING FAINT.

Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is becoming philosophical. as he always was urbane and amiable.. He ceased long enough from reading a home paper at the Ebbitt last evening to remark:

"Will I go back into politics?. Well, hardly; that is, if I consult my own desires. There is really not much in modern American politics. I mean that there is nothing to inspire, to arouse enthusiasm. The line of demarcation between the two big political organizations is getting so faint that presently it will disappear altogether. There must be some sentiment involved if you would get people stirred up, but pray tell me what is there of the ideal, the sentimental, or the romantic about the tariff on tin plate or the feasibility of a new bond issue?

DO YOU MEAN IT.

We clip the following from Websters Weekly:

But for the greed of monopoly there would not be a labor organization in the country. If working men have gone to extremes it has been from necessity and not from choice. There were no strikes or lockouts before the war, i. e., before monopoly was enthroned.

Let the Democratic party re-establish old-time justice in the country and the clash between capital and labor will cease.

Capital and labor should both be made to obey the law. Crush monopoly and re-establish justice, and the labor organizations will have no excuse for existence.

Col. Webster talks right, but if he means what he says he will have to vote differently, unless Attorney Olney gets a move on him begins the suppression of trusts and monopolies.

"No more bonds forever" should be the cry of the American people.

BOARDS OF COUNTY CANVASSERS

SHOULD BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.

THEY ARE [illegible] THE MACHINE TO [illegible] MACHINE, TO THROW OUT TOWNSHIPS [illegible] TO MIT ALL NECESSARY FRAUD.

WHY DID THE LEGISLATURE VOTE DOWN AN AMENDMENT THAT WOULD HAVE ALLOWED THE PEOPLE TO ELECT THESE IMPORTANT OFFICERS?

THE AMENDMENT WAS DEMOCRATIC, THE PRESENT LAW IS THE ESSENCE OF MACHINE POLITICS.

The Amendment Would Have Prevented Cheating in Dark Hole Voting Stalls.

(Continued from Issue of April 20th.)

The Election Law As It Is.

SEC. 2688. The board of county commissioners, or upon their failure, the inspectors of election, shall provide for each election precinct in their respective counties ballot boxes for each class of officers to be voted for, in which to deposit the ballots for such officers respectively. Each of said boxes shall have an opening through the lid of sufficient size to admit a single folded ballot, and no more. The said ballot boxes shall be kept by the judges of election for the use of their several election precincts respectively. And said judges of election, before the voting begins, shall carefully examine the ballot boxes and see that there is nothing in them. Each box shall be labelled in plain and distinct Roman lesters. with the name of the office or offices to be voted for, and the question or questions to be voted upon. The majority of the judges of election for the county and State officers for any voting precinct, with the registrar of such precinct, may, if they think it expedient so to do, rail off, at a cost to be approved by the board of county commissioners. and to be paid for by the county, at such precinct a space or enclosure, with an opening at one end or side for the entrance of the voter, and an opening at the other side for his exit, as a polling place in which to hold the election for the State and county officers. Only one voter shall be allowed to enter such polling place at one time, and no one except the judges of election shall be allowed to speak to or interfere with the voter while in the polling place casting his vote, which shall be put in the proper box or boxes by said voter, or by the judges at the request of the voter. All voters shall pass through said enclosure without any delay of time, so that said passage shall not be obstructed by delay unnecessarily, outside of depositing his vote or votes.

A similar. but separate and distinct, space or enclosure may be railed off as a polling place for the election of members of Congress and Presidential Electors, at such distance from the polling place for State and county officers as the judges of elect on may designate. In the event such separate polling place shall be designated for holding the electionfor members of Congress and Presidential Electors as herein provided, the methods for holding the election and conducting the voting shall be the same in all respects as those provided in this amendment to said section 2688 of The Code for the polling places for State and county officers. The registrar appointed for such precinct shall have power and authority to appoint a deputy registrar for such separate polling place, to whom shall be furnished the names of all persons qualified and entitled to vote at such precinct, and the judges of election appointed for such precinct and registrar shall appoint two suitable and discreet persons as judges or inspectors of election for such separate polling place, who shall be of different political parties, where possible. The registrar and judges so appointed for such separate polling place shall be sworn to perform their duties according to law. shall make due returns of the election, and have all the powers, privileges and authority conferred on them by law as in the case of other registrars and judges of election: Provided, however, that if the judges of election at any of the voting precincts in this State do not see fit to carry out the provisions of shis amendment to said section 2688 of The Code, then, and in that event, the election at said precinct not adopting such provisions shall be conducted in all respects as is now provided by law.

As It Would Be Amended.

SEC. 2688. The board of county commissioners, or upon their failure, the inspectors of election, shall provide for each election precinct in their respective counties a ballot box for all officers to be voted for except Constable and members of the Board of County Canvassers, and for those officers separate boxes, in which to deposit the ballot. At each election precinct a person to be known as a member of the Board of County Canvassers shall be voted for in a separate box to be provided as other ballot boxes, with such duties as are prescribed in this act. Each of said boxes shall have an opening through the lid of sufficient size to admit a single folded ballot, and no more. The said ballot boxes shall be kept by the judges of election for the use of their several election precincts respectively. And said judges of election, before the voting begins, shall carefully examine the ballot boxes and see that there is nothing in them. Each box other than the general box in which the Govenor and other officers are voted for, shall be labelled in plain and distinct Roman letters, with the name of the office or offices to be voted for, and the question or questions to be voted upon. It shall be the duty of the judge of election upon request to tell the voter what each box is for.

The Amendment to Section 2628 provides that the Board of County Canvassers for each county shall be elected by the people. Under the present law the members of the Board are appointed. Appointed by whom? Appointed by the Judges of election and registrar, who themselves were not elected by the people, but were APPOINTED by somebody else who were appointed by some other somebody who had been appointed. In short the present law is a regular system of machine politics, all the managers ofit are appointed. Pure Democracy is the will of the people and as often as it is practical to get the will of the people on vital questions, it should be done. The present law is not Democratic, but a machine method which is fruitful of corruption. The election law makes the Canvassing Board a court—a judicial body, with great power. This court sits to "judicially determine" the result of the election—a court that has to decide on matters that really concern every voter in the State. Yet how is this Court selected? It is APPOINTED! Appointed by the MACHINE! What is complexion of the court? Always the same as that of the machine, though two-thirds of the voters of the county were not in sympathy with the machine. Here we have a political court to try a case to which the court is a party. What would the people think of a Superior Court Judge trying a case in which he was financially interested?

The amendment provides that the people in each township shall select a man, that the majority has confidence in, to serve on the Board of County Canvassers. This would break the hand of the machine at that point. Then the Board would be a court representing the wishes and sentiments of the majority of the people of the county. Then if the majority of the Board of county canvassers were Democrats then the people of the county would be Democrats and it would not be necessary to throw out several townships to get their party in. And where the majority of the people were Populists then the majority of the Board of County Canvassers would be Populists and the machine Democrats would not have a chance to steal and count themselves in. The law was once fairer than it is now, but the machine politician has at last gotten it so that he can commit almost any kind of fraud that he desires. We have referred before to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Peebles vs Commissioners of Davie Co. wherein the Court said that the Board of county canvassers could not go behind the returns to throw out townships. But the politicians at once demanded of the Legislature that a law should be passed overruling the Supreme Court and it was done. We will quote from that decision of the court in next issue.

The amendment also repeals that part of Sec. 2688 that allows the machine to erect dark voting stalls or the "fraud bull-pen" as an indignant voter expressed it. A party that has gotten so corrupt that it can't stand the light, should die. And a free liberty loving and honest people will stand its domination no longer. Where were those voting stalls built at? Where it was necessary for the machine to do stealing. Over a hundred thousand voters will testify to this. The number of votes that were manipulated in these dark holes can never be told, but the astonishing results in many counties shows that 25,000 votes stolen would be a small estimate. When enough votes were not stolen in this way then the board of county canvassers did the rest. They threw out one, two, three, four or five townships, as the necessity of the case called for. Not a single township in the State that went Democratic was thrown out.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

The Sampson Democrat discussing the proposition for the people to own and control their public franchises says:

"Many a well-to-do farmer does not spend $10 in fare or freight over the railroads in a whole year. If the government buys the railroads he must help pay for them, and it will ruin him to do it, and then if he wants to ride, or ship anything over the road he must still pay his freight or fare. Just as well buy a horse and wagon, and then have to pay for it when you want to use it."

We are surpised that a man of Mr. Bethume's sense and fairness should put himself on record with a statement like the above. Every one knows that if the "well-to-do farmer" or any other kind was not to buy a single railroad ticket in a whole year, that he would be contributingall the same to the profits of these roads, to their big dividends on watered stock and to the princely salaries of numerous offices &c. Every bag of guano, every plow, every rope, every pound of coffee &c,, that the people buy has had the profits of the corporations added to the price. On the other hand from every pound of cotton, and every crate of strawberries shipped, the profits to these corporations is taken out of the price paid to the producers. The people are willing that these transportation companies should have a fair price for their work, but they are not willing that all their profits should go to make railroads rich and leave them poorer each year. In short the numerous fortunes piled up by the railroads and other corporations and monoplies of the country is extracted at last from the people who labor and create wealth. But this is not the worst feature of the railroad business in the hands of private monopoly. The extent of their corrupt influence on legislatures is unmeasured. If the last legislature had collected the taxes due the Wilmington & Weldon railroad alone, the farmer about, whom the Democrat seems to be concerned, would have had less taxes to pay himself. Whenever a man or business escapes or evades taxation, some other man or business must pay what the other should have paid. Now as to that "horse and wagon" logic, it is simply stunning. When a man buys a horse and wagon, he pays the horse enough corn and fodder to keep in good working order, and pays enough repairs on the wagon to keep it in good running order and then pays some one to drive it if he hasn't time to do it himself. Yes he pays this himself and does not expect anyone else to pay it. It would be very foolish in him to turn and give his horse and wagon to another man, and let that man not only charge him enough to feed the horse, keep the wagon in repair and to pay the boy to drive it but also charge enough to pay himself a big profit. Soon Mr. A., the first man, would find himself coming out in debt at the end of the year, while Mr. B would have made enough to buy him a private carriage for his own exclusive use. And when at last Mr. A. began to speak of this injustice, he would find that Mr. B. would laugh at it. Then Mr. A. would appeal to the law makers and to the courts to see that he got his rights, but he would find that he had no rights that Mr. B. was ahead of him and the law makers was on B's side. How much better it would be for the farmer to-day if the the mails were conducted by private monopolies so he could pay 5 cents on a postage letter, and let the private monopoly get the 3 cents extra and grow rich so they could help the railroads to corrupt legislatures and congress. How delightful the idea!

It is a condition and not a theory now confronting the people. They want and must have more dollars and are not concerned so much about the theory of "intrinsic value."

Who cares whether silver cost only thirty cents an ounce or a dollar and thirty cents an ounce to produce it. It is the cost of acquisition after it is coined that gives the money value. If silver will buy as much, as a mere commodity, as it would as a unit of value, it stands to reason that it will return to a parity with gold when it is restored to its function as a money metal. Gold buys twice as much as it should because its volume is decreasing in the same ratio and ten dollars now does the work of twenty. The producers of this country are willing to take the silver dollar for their labor and they are glad to get it.

Our Bright Postmasters.

The New York Tribune says that a letter was received at the Topeka post-office addressed to George W. Eightquarts, Esq., and was duly delivered to the proper party, Mr. George W. Peck.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

CONSIDER YOUR DEFECTS.

Your Good Points Need Little Attention Now For the Coming Skirt.

The crinoline was first adopted to conceal a lack of symmetry in the lines of the figure below the waist, and served the purpose well. The woman with a beautiful neck and handsome arms could safely pass for a well-made woman even though she presented an awkward fulness of outline elsewhere. But the modern adaption of the crinoline is only a pitfall and a snare to this sort of woman and especially to the woman who stands badly. The woman who throws her hips forward and flattens herself in the back where her figure, to be beautiful, should curve out gracefully, has reason to grieve at the coming of crinoline. The new skirt fits tight over the hips, below this line—that is, from just above the knees, it swings out. Now if a woman is larger in front than she is anywhere else—especially if she so carries herself that the most of her bulk is thrown forward and trudled ahead of her, as it were, of course all

HANDSOME HALF MOURNING.

the swing of the dress spreads to the front. Her stiffened skirt will be tapping her heels in the back and scooping along with a snow plough effect in front. This is no exaggeration. I have just seen a skirt worn in this way, and where it was most conspicuous, of course. To add to the horror of it, upon the bodies, at the point in the back, and just where the figure should have been most prominent, was set an upright bow of the kind that is set on hats. On a gracefully curved figure it would emphasize the curve and delicacy of the waist, but on a flat back it merely added to the general effect of thickness and filled up whatever hollow there may have been. Take a lesson from this. Do not seize upon a fashion merely because it is new, particularly a pronounced one. Just look over your list of defects first. A woman should dress according to the limitations of her defects, rather than with a view only to her good points. The latter will take care of themselves, if you are wise and look out for the others.

A charming dress of cream colored Indian crepon is pictured above. It is trimmed with black velvet and Irish guipure. It is designed for the period of half mourning. There is a delightful air of elegance about it and its full skirt is eminently graceful. In such a costume the plainest girl would have a certain amount of style, that almost undefinable appearance of distinction that accompanies a handsome toilet.

To avoid the sewing together of breadths in making the stylish full skirts, double width material is being used with its width for the skirt length, and a hem sewed along the selvage for the foot of the skirt. If you want close fitting hips, gores accomplish it, and goods used this way tends more easily to outward lines. Even narrow goods is thus treated, the joinings being around and around instead of up and down, and the fulness of the skirt and its outward flare are thus not interfered with by perpendicular seams. Three widths and a half of even narrow goods make a skirt length, and the seams are finished with quillings, ruffles, or what you like. Of course, these horizontal lines are supposed to be trying; but, remember, a woman's height is judged by the length of the line of her skirt. When her skirt slants out, the line it actually makes is a longer one than if it hangs straight down. Thus the flare skirt really adds to the impression of height, and therefore, these horizontal lines may be risked with such a skirt while with the sheath skirt they would have been fatal. ESTELLE.

A LAD. WRITES US A KIND LETTER.

But Does Not Give us The Suggestions we Desire.

HEBRON, April 14th 1893.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As no one has replied to your very reasonable request of "How do you like my paper &c?" I thought I would.

Well to begin, it is a clean sheet bright, crisp and newsy. There seems infused into every column the spirit of a man whose soul is full of "milk of human kindness," an unselfish being who has quietly walked into the ranks of the humble and lowly; encouraging here a little, rebuking there a little in all brotherly kindness.

It is a splendid electric light, shining ever and ever so far into dark corners, showing the faces and deeds of the Ghouls at work there. It is an educator worth volumns of Encyclopedias. And often looks so cheap to all fighting those demons of trusts, and unrighteousness. We love that paper almost sacredly, it is OURS!

We are just too proud of it when compared to some of the rooster-crowing, snake yarning, prize-fighting sheets I ured to read, my taste is better educated now and reaches above slush, gush and bosh.

Please do not let up on those Legislators who tried to kill our Alliance.

Well "What would make my paper better?" Why it is growing, budding and blooming into a perfect "giant of the Battles Rose." I can't tell you, for you make it better each issue. A FRIEND.

[We appreciate the kind words spoken above, even fear our friend is too kind. We want the advice, suggestions and criticism of our friends, it will help us and the paper.—ED.]

Ideal Husband.

MR. EDITOR, ——N. C.

Our Dorcas Society is composed of all the young girls in our little town. Not that any of us are so alarmingly young, but we use that term to distinguish us from the matrons, who have a similiar club. Gossip is forbidden, so while we sit and stitch away at strange garments for the poor and for the heathen, we talk of many things—of art, music or letters, and sometimes, when all other objects prove unattractive, we fall to discussing the horrid men. I will write you what we talked about at our last meeting if you will not give my name or my town. Our theme was the ideal husband, his desirable and undesirable qualities.

The president rapped with her scissors for order.

"Moll," she said, "you begin. Let's hear your ideal."

Molly looked dreamy.

"Well," she said, slowly, "in the first place he must be big and strong. I hate little men. They always make me think of lizards somehow. Then they must have big blue eyes and not be easily affected by trifles. Not the sort of man, for instance, who would kick up a row because the biscuit happened to be burnt, or something like that. In short, I prefer an easy-going, good-natured man, who would be inclined to think his own wife and children the very nicest in the world."

"A man like that would set me crazy," said Lillie. "These good-natured people always make me long to throw a teapot or something at them, just to see if it isn't possible to ruffle their tempers for a minute. For my part, I couldn't have the least affection for a man that I wasn't just a little bit afraid of. I rather prefer a man with a spice of the crank in him, providing he makes up for it by being ordinarily cheerful and jolly; and not given to prowling around the kitchen and pantry. That is a trait I feel that I could never forgive, and, unfortunately, you never find it out till it is too late. 'Till death do us part,' would seem an awfully long time—with such a companion."

Nellie calmly snipped off the thread at the end of a seam and threaded her needle again before beginning.

"I should like," said she, "a big, old-fashioned house, furnished as I like and just within driving distance of the city. I shouldn't want to be very rich, but I should like plenty of horses and carriages, and to be able to dress well and entertain——"

"But the husband, the husband," we interrupted, we want to hear about him."

Nellie looked surprised.

"My idle husband," she said, with dignity, 'is the man who will provide me with all this."

In the buzz of discussion that followed Nellie's ideal, the scissors rapped again, and the president's voice was heard calling on Mildred to speak. Mildred is tall and stately She wears "boiled shirts" and tailor-made gowns, and recently rejoiced in suspenders that were the secret envy of all the young men she knows. She rather looks down on young men, however, and is given to snubbing them. The most brilliant imagination could scarcely fancy her in love.

"My ideal life companion," she said, thoughtfully, "is a man somewhat past his first youth—a man who has seen much of the world, is clever, a good talker and holds advanced views on all subjects, particularly the woman question. He must wish in a wife a friend and companion, rather than a mere housekeeper. I do not know that there is anything more to say on the subject. I have not given it much thought."

"The brilliant talker is nearly always disagreeable at home, though I wouldn't for the world insinuate that quiet men are always angels, by any means. You can't judge any man by his company manners. About the best way to discover his real disposition is to get really intimate with his sisters and get invited to visit them for a month or so. If I ever found a man who could stand that test, I would take him quickly before another girl got him. On the whole, I think the not too clever man, who is fond of good eating, and is not troubled with dyspepsia, is the most easily managed and desirable husband to be found. From dyspeptic husband may the gods preserve us all."

Alice's turn came last. She is engaged, and we were eager to hear her ideal. She refused to give it, however.

"You all know Jack," she said, "and I may as well tell you that he is not in the least like the ideal I

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE STATE AND NATION.

AN OBSERVANT CITIZEN LOOKS AT THE MAD RUSH—THE WAYS OF THE POLITICIAN.

Why Southern Men are More Anxious for office—The Raleigh Post Office—Bunn and the two Senators at Logerheads—The Growls of the Hungry Little Fellows—They Don't Like Civil Service Reform—Democrats for Office—The Decadence of ex-McRobbins—Justice Avery Wants to Succeed Judge Dick—Even the Penitentiary Besieged by Office Seekers—My County—What a Picture!

(Correspondence to The Caucasian.)

RALEIGH, N. C., March 1893.

The scenes that are daily enacted around the Executive Department at Washington are being repeated on an equally intense if a lesser scale in every town in the State of North Carolina. It is safe to assert that in the history of the country there has been no such scramble for office as now exists; never so many patriots willing to neglect private business for the sure and easily earned income derived from a "pull" at the crib of Uncle Sam.

That there is more intense and general anxiety for office in the South than in the North may be accounted for in the fact that nearly every man here who can read and write is a politician, or at least so regards himself, and further, that there is more genteel poverty here than there, which genteel poor class disdaining to work for a living considers itself bound to live upon the public. Indeed this class would likely feel aggrieved should the public dispute the assumed right.

Business men in prosperous condition willingly cast aside the drudgery of the desk or counter and go out in all weathers to enter a practical contest, displaying as much zeal as the most venerable political tyro, and bringing to bear influences that are more powerful than the argument of the politician.

In the small country towns a man with a safe business and a fair credit built up after years of honest hard work will often be found seeking the small fourth class postoffice in his town with as much anxiety as the local political "boss."

Raleigh although a capital of the State and a comparatively large town is no exception. While it is the focus of all or nearly all the political action in the State it yet has a full complement of local statesmen who would be glad to receive recognition at the hands of the Democratic adminstration.

Situated in the 4th Congressional District (Congressman Bunn's) and containing one of the best postoffices in the State besides being the place where the Internal Revenue Collector for the Eastern District holds his fort, it need not excite surprise if there should be an unusual amount of wrangling here.

What murmurings that are heard near the throne at Washington regarding disappointments at certain rulings of the Executive of the nation, are expanded here into openly expressed anathemas against the principles of,as it is called "going squarely back on one's friends," referring to the rule not to give office to any one who held office under the former administration, and also the idea of permitting Republicans to serve out their terms. And most of all that civil service ruling which will keep in the present clerks, who are Republicans. In this is a species of politics which southerners cannot understand and will not TOLERATE. All may pass off with a smoothness and a gloss that is imperceptible, but the hour and the occasion will arrive when the sting will be shown to have had its antidote.

The Raleigh postoffice is a bone over which there is much contention because elements of discord have been introduced into the conflict which are entirely new to this class of appointments.

It has been the custom in this State under all parties for the Congressman to control the appointment of postmasters within his own district without regard to the wishes of the Senators, but it seems that Congressman Bunn is not to be allowed this priviledge, at least so far as the Raleigh postoffice is concerned.

It is understood that the wishes to have a faithful and efficient friend appointed to this office and that both the Senators are antagonizing him with a man, clever and competent though he be who cut no figure in the last campaign and who had NOT been conspicuous in behalf of Congressman Bunn. Hence there is a peculiar fight over one of the biggest offices in the State. Should the Senators win which seems likely it is possible that a medium sized sore will be left to wrangle within the manly bosom of Congressman Bunn, which is likely to display itself if there is no truth in the rumor "that he would not be so powerful mad after all." Meanwhile the Republican postmaster, the most cordially hated Republican in the State, calmly holds on to the emoluments and patiently wishes the fight to get more bitter.

If the bigger lights growl so over a big office it can easily be conjectured what a state of tribulation the lesser lights are undergoing at the prospect of delay and the growing society of places. Harrisons last civil service order dampened the souls of partisan Democrats in this city when he unceremoneously placed withinthe Civil Service rules all the clerk and mail carriers here. Thus, at one fell swoop, he took heart and hope and courage from the local "workers" who, strange to say do not seem to realize that he did it, but prefer to cast all the blame upon their whilom leader, Grover Cleveland.

It appears that the only large office about which there has been no dispute is the Collectorship of Internal Revenue for this district which is to go to Mr. Simmons, the chairman of the Democratic State

(Continued on Third Page.)

THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, - - - - - - - - - - $1.00
SIX MONTHS, - - - - - - - - - .50

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We will commence a new story for the children in next issue.

Be sure to read the comments on the election law this week and next. We have now reached the most important point in that law.

Cannot the people be trusted to elect the board of county canvassers? The last Legislature said it was afraid to trust the people. They are afraid that the people are honest.

Every voter in the State should read next week's CAUCASIAN. We have now reached the most vital point in the discussion of the election law. Remember that the crime of a prostituted ballot box must be avenged before any other reforms can come.

We trust that the welcome and splendid rain of Tuesday and Wednesday was general. It was much needed all over the State In the cotton belt, the seed was in the ground, but could not come up till it rained. The truck farmers in the east were also suffering greatly.

The World's Fair, the Columbian Exposition, was opened on Monday May 1st. President Cleveland was there, made a speech, pressed a button and steam and electricity did the rest. In the twinkling of an eye a thousand flags unfurled to the breezes a thousand whistles screamed forth, a hundred thousand wheels began to turn and the big show was open and "agoing." It is estimated that there were 440,000 people present. The exposition is not finished and no fair ever was when it opened. It will be months before all the exhibits are in.

Be sure to read the article on the fourth page taken from the "Burgaw Sun." It is headed "Facts Concerning Pender County Election" We understand that the publication of the article in the Sun last week hurt the machine Democrats who did the stealing so much that they went at night to the court house yard near where the county Canvassing Board committed the high crime of perverting the will of the people, and burned the paper and its editor in effigy. If the amendment to the election law which we discuss in this issue had been a law such fraud could not have been committed.

The Burgaw Sun has done good work in its clear and telling exposure of the frauds in the Pender county election—steal. The will of the people was preverted by throwing out townships. It was done by the county canvassing board. Men who who will commit such high crimes against justice and a Republican form of government are more dangerous than common thieves. Such moral and political lepers on the body politic should and will be branded by all good and honest people. Even the thieves who committed the crime at the dictation of party bosses can not have any respect for themselves and certainly their bosses can't, though their bosses are as guilty as they.

How many townships were thrown out by county canvassing boards in the late election? When we tell you the number you will be astonished. A county canvassing board should not have the power to throw out a township after the officers have held it and certified to the returns. If the amendment offered to the last Legislature had been adopted this could not be done· Why did the Legislatuee refuse to adopt the amendment? Because many of the members of that body would not have gotten their seats had not the canvassers cheated for them and counted them in.

We have heard considerable complaint about the shipping accomodations along the Atlantic Coast Line. We understand that truck is often left at the stations because the cars are all full. The authorities should put on a sufficient number of cars to move the truck. Then it seems that this railroad company seems to think that it owes nothing to the public. When they make changes in shipping arrangements the public should be notified. And further, if these changes inconvenience the public the company should not be allowed to make them, even after notice. We would like to know what the Railroad Commission is doing? The campaign is over, it ought now to be able to attend to some business.

WANT SPEAKERS.

MR. EDITOR:—We want our State President to come or send us a good speaker to make several speeches in Washington county, we will pay the expenses. I know that the brethren of Tyrell, Martin, and Bertie counties will do the same thing. It would be well for the same speaker to make a tour of those counties at the same time. It would do us all much good and lessen the expenses. I ask the brethren of those counties to correspond with me so we can arrange these meetings for some time in July.

A. C. WENTZ.

Roper N. C.

A DECISION THAT DOES NOT SETTLE AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

For a number of years it has been claimed by some of our best thinkers that the present method of distributing the school fund was unconstitutional. In the Legislature of 1891, Senator John A. Bryan of Duplin introduced a bill to change the statutory law so as to require the Sheriffs of the respective counties to turn over the monies collected for school purposes to the State Treasur to be apportioned by him among the counties according to the per capita of children of school age. The State Constitution says that there shall be maintained by taxation a general and uniform system of public schools It was claimed by Senator Bryan and others that the only way to have a uniform system was for all the school taxes of the whole State to be put into a common fund and then apportioned according to the number of pupils. Under the law as it was and is now the Sheriff of each county pays over the school money to the county authorities of his county and it is then apportioned to the various school districts in said county. This does not give uniformity in the length of school terms in the different counties, the public schools in some running twice as long as in others. The poor counties have short school terms and the richer counties longer ones in proportion. Senator Bryan's bill was defeated. The Board of Education of Duplin county decided to appeal to the courts.

The question at issue was whether the sheriff should pay over to the board the public school taxes or whether these should be sent to the State Treasurer. It was a test case, made up to see whether the present mode (in use by statute since 1871) of disbursing in a county the school taxes collected by it, was unconstitutional. Judge Connor decided that the case AS PRESENTED did not make this issue and that the sheriff must turn over the funds, as heretofore. The Supreme Court now affirms this decision, so the question is not settled. But this decision says indirectly that if the issue were properly brought before the court that it would decide that the present law was unconstitutional. The larger and richer counties all want the present law to stand, the smaller and poorer counties want it changed

SEES THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

The Wilmington Messenger thus delivers itself as to the political situation in North Carolina:—

The Democracy of North Carolina are not well united. The last year was a very serious year. The Weaver gang did a great deal of harm, and it will be years before the old State will recover from the disintegration and strife. He is indeed a wise man with singular prescience who can foresee coming political events, and what will be the condition of politics in North Carolina four years hence.

* * *

We take leave just here to reiterate our well considered, honest opinion that North Carolina now stands very much in need of a good Election Law—the Australian or some other. Gross abuses have crept in that are dishonoring to the party and will bring contempt and ruin upon it if persisted in. We know educated, able, high toned gentlemen who are unswervingly Democratic, who would prefer the triumph of the Tnird party to the triumph of the Democracy by resorting to low, dangerous, destructive methods at the ballot-box. They have said so in our hearing. They believe that even Third partyism a less evil than ballot abuses. Let us have reform here."

Well! Well! There is reform needed is there? You were a long time coming to that conclusion Dr., and pray tell us when you ever before "iterated" your well considered honest (?) opinions Dr? We have heard that the Dr. used to preach and we imagine he preached fire and brimstone sermons. But you must serve god through fear of getting into that fire, not for love, not because it was man's duty to serve God but if you don't serve God you'll get scorched. That's the Dr's idea of reform in the Democratic party—we must have reform—not that we care a fig about a clear conscience for having done right, but we have got to do right or the good people will not help us do wrong any more. Yes Dr. "gross abuses" have not only "crept" but they have stalked in, and you have stood by consenting to it, you held the clothes at least while the young men stoned good old Stephen. We will keep this before the people, maybe they will believe there has been frauds in the election since the Dr. has got honest (?) enough to say so. We have been telling the people there was something rotten in Denmark, but the Dr. has been doing his level best to make the people believe we were lying, but the truth is out at last. *Aliud Corde Premunt Aliud Ore Promunt*

Professor Toussig, of Harvard, who reflects Cleveland, is out in a book favoring the old State Bank system and bank credits as the only circulating medium. The single gold basis is fatal to any rise in values even if Congress creates a thousand wildcat State Banks.

Our Club Raisers

Are left out this week, not because the number is small, but because it is so large that we haven't room for it. The club raisers for both weeks will be in next issue,

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

A Law-Abiding 'Squire.

A man from the country tells us of a hunter and magistrate living not far from here who took a half dozen shots at a pheasant and so disabled it that it could not fly. They then chased it for miles back and forth through the woods until finally hid in the underbrush. After a long and fruitless search the J. P. exclaimed, "let it go, it's agin the law to kill 'im anyhow."—Rutherford Banner.

First Graduating Class, A and M College.

There are nineteen members of the first graduating class at the Agricultural and Mechanicle College. Mr. R. W. Allen, of Wadesboro, is class president; Mr. Charles B. Holliday, of Raleigh, cheif marshal; Mr. H. E. Bonitz, of Wilmington, orator; Mr. S. E. Asbury, of Gastonia, historian.

Jeff Davis' Remains.

The remains of Jefferson Davis will lie in the State at Raleigh for an hour or two, while in route to Richmond Va. Gov. Carr says that it will be on May 30th.

The Brevard Hustler tells of a man hauling a load of shucks with an ox team and smoking his pipe on top of the load. Very naturally the shucks caught fire and the oxen lit out for a climate, scattering the load at ever turn. Result: shucks burned up, woods set on fire, wagon badly damaged, and oxen severely scorched. The man escaped injury.

The Clyde Register says that John Everett, of Bryson City, had the misfortune to loose a span of horses and buggy worth $750 recently. His horses became frightened at a passing train and ran into the river at a place where the water was deep. The horses were drowned and the buggy was destroyed. Mr. Everett only escaped by a rope thrown him by the engineer of the train.

One class of people that is seldom seen loafing in Charlotte, especially at this season, is the mechanics. Every man of them is at work, and the cry is still for more. The amount of building going on is in excess of any previous season.—Charlotte Observer.

Gov. Carr has made following appointments: Mr F. S. Spruill, of Franklin county, to be State director of the North Carolina Railroad vice W. H. Pace, of Wake, who died last week; W. H. Wenn, of Charlotte, to be a member of the State Board of Pharmacy for the term of five years.

How is this? The Winston Sentinel says that with President Cleveland a word from Senator Ransom is better than a certificate from Senator Vance. Of course that Radical sheet ought to know.—Caswell News.

The closing exercise of Yadkin College takes place May 18th. A. H. Eller, of Winston, will deliver the address and Rev L. L. Albright, of Shelby, will preach the annual sermon.

The Baptist Headlight is the name of a monthly paper to be issued at Salisbury in the interest of the colored Baptist church. Rev. Al L. Sumeer will be the editor, says the Durham Sun.

The Newton Enterprise says the ground has been bought and brick-making will begin at once upon a new cotton factory in that place. The mill will have 2,000 spindles.

An institution to be called the Boys Farm School is to be established on Swannanoa river, near Asheville, soon under the auspices of the Presbyterian church.

The Charlotte Observer says: Flavius Darden, of Lenoir county, was killed by the limb of a tree which he was felling.

Ten miles of the Durham and Charlott rail road have been graded and the work is being pushed rapidly.

Col. A. M. Waddell will deliver the opening addres at the Teachers' Assembly at More Head City in June.

The Wilmingtou Review represents that the caterpillars are making much havoc in Bladen county.

The Davis Hotel, at Kittrells a popular winter resort, was destroyed by fire, April 29th.

Abbott & Jones, tobacco warehousemen, of Winston, have made an assignment.

A fire in Wilmington did damage to the amount of $20,000 last thursday.

A movement is on foot to start a County Fair at Whiteville, says The Star of columbus.

William H. Pace, a prominent lawyer of Raleigh, is dead.

Two candidates are in the field for Mayor of Greensboro.

NATIONAL.

The Cotton Outlook.

Jackson, Miss., April 24.—From all portions of the State comes the report that cotton has either been killed or greatly injured by the recent cold spell and frost. There is time to replant, but the great trouble is that in many sections there are no seed. This complaint is almost general. The recent high prices paid for cotton seed had the effect of causing all the surplus to be carried to the market.—Alliance Vindicator.

Robbed and Murdered.

Last Wednesday night at Scranton, Miss, the store of J. P. Clayton was robbed of $1,100 and Joseph Cook, a clerk in the store was taken out from town by the robbers and murdered. He was found next morning with three bullet holes in his body and before he died he told that he was assaulted by James T. Smith, G. Bawls and Charles Toggart who were arrested and the money found on their person.—Ex.

Cyclone in Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas.

Another cyclone paid its respects to Mississippi and her sister States Alabama and Arkansas, last week. Great damage was done in Clarke and Jasper counties, this State, and in Arkansas many lives are reported to have been lost.

Severe Storms in Oklahoma.

In the last Tuesday nights storms ninety people were killed and two or three hundred were severely injured Houses, barnss fences and everything was completely destroyed.

The Columbia Tenn. Bank has Failed.

Comptroller of the Currency Eckles has ordered Bank Examiner Maddison Betts to proceed to Columbia, Tenn., and take charge of the Columbia National Bank.

Railroad Leased for 1,000 Years.

The Lynchburg and Durham railroad has been leased by the Norfolk and Western railroad company for 999 years.

Receiver Appointed.

A receiver has been appointed for the well known Haxall Crenshaw Co., of Richmond, Va.

Joel Johnson shot and killed Jos. Kauser in his field in Madison Co. last week. They were neighbors and has been good friends up to the time of this unfortunate occurrence. A negro boy on Johnson's place had left and was working by the day for Kauser. Johnson, in company with his overseer, went to the field where the negro was at work and began whipping him. Kauser went and expostulated with them, whereupon Johnson fired several shots at him, killing his victim before leaving.—Alliance Vindicator.

Water Valley, Miss., April 25.—Reports come in from all sections of this and Calhoun counties that the cotton which had come up has been killed by the frost and will have to be replanted. It is next to impossible to obtain cotton seed. In consequence of this the acreage in cotton will be very much reduced. There will be a great increase in the acreage of corn.—Ex.

News was received at Washington April 28th from Southern Ute Agency in Colorado that the Navajoe Indians were on the war path. They had surrounded several white families some seventy miles southeast of the agency and had committed some murders. Troops have been ordered to the scenes.

That's the way to do it, more hogs and homany is what we need. Until there is more money, we had better raise less cotton.—ED.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethren at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance:

CHATHAM COUNTY.

Bellevoir,			"	4
Cheek's Shop,			"	5
Siler City,			"	6
Lewiston,	Bertie	Co.,	May 11	3, p. m.
Powellsville,	"	"	" 12	10 a. m.
Windsor,	"	"	" 13,	"
Meary Hill,	"	"	" 15,	"
.....	Chowan	"	" 16,	"
.....	"	"	" 17,	"
.....	Perquimans	"	" 18,	"
.....	"	"	" 9,	"
.....	Pasquotank	"	" 20,	"
.....	"	"	" 22,	"
Shiloh,	Camden	"	" 23,	"
Coinjock,	Currituck	"	" 24,	"

Speaking at 10 o'clock a. m.

Sample of Shoes, clothes, etc. will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speaking attend. Speaking at 10 o'clock a. m. Other appointments will follow.

Fraternally
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S APPOINTMENTS.

The State President of the Alliance, Mr. Marion Butler, will speak at the following times and places:

Glenfield May	5th
Rocky Mount, May	13th.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Drug stores of R. H. Holliday, Clinton, N. C., and Jno. R. Smith, Mt. Olive, N. C. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

The time for the appointment of school committeemen having been changed by an act of the legislature, from the first Monday in September to the first Monday in June, the patrons of the several school districts in Sampson county are requested to meet at their respective school houses on the last Saturday in May at 2 o'clock p. m., and elect three persons to serve as school committeemen in their district, and report the same to the County Board of Education on the first Monday in June 1893, who will meet then for the purpose of appointing committees.

By order of Chairman of Board of Education.

ISHAM ROYAL,
County Superintendent.

Young Wives

Who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial we offer

"Mothers Friend"

A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its

PAIN, HORROR AND RISK TO LIFE

of both mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify.

"I used two bottles of MOTHERS FRIEND with marvelous results, and wish every woman who has to pass through the ordeal of child birth to know if they will use MOTHERS FRIEND for a few weeks it will rob confinement of *pain* and *suffering*, and *insure safety to life of mother and child.*"

MRS. SAM HAMILTON, Montgomery City, Mo.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Book To Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

It is reported that a farmer in Watauga county recently sold a curly walnut tree for $500.

THE HIDDEN CITY

BY WALTER H. McDOUGALL.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

THE FESTIVAL AND THE SACRIFICE.

She faced her lover with a confident, tender smile upon her face.

The smoke was rising and blowing away in the fresh morning wind from hundreds of round apertures in the roofs as the people of Atzlan prepared their morning meal hurriedly, for they were anxious to be out and preparing for the greatest of their religious festivals. One by one they emerged and clambered quickly down the tall ladders until hundreds of them were gathered about in groups or busily arranging for the ceremonies of the day, gathering fruits and flowers, maize cakes and pinon nuts for the minor sacrifices, and decorating the interior and front of the court and temple. To each of the four great phratries or divisions of the inhabitants, according to kinship, was assigned particular duties connected with the festival.

While some were engaged in building and decorating bowers others prepared food in great quantities, while others arranged for the games and dances which followed the sacrifices. Others were driving the animals devoted to sacrifice into an inclosed field.

Gathered in front of the temple stood a number of priests waiting to form in the sacred procession and chatting merrily, with frequent jests, among themselves. Their white dresses formed a contrast with the brilliant coloring of the costumes of the people, and the red suns embroidered upon their breasts, the emblem of their holy calling, showed forth the more conspicuously.

Multitudes of little, stunted, wolfish dogs ran in and out between the people's legs, attesting by frequent howls a plentitude of well aimed kicks. The houses emptied forth into the square every inmate, for every living soul in the city who was able to move or to be moved was obliged to be present at the sacrifice—and few were loath to witness the spectacle. Its bloody delights were eagerly awaited and long remembered. Children were there to be held up to see the rare sight and to have it impressed upon their memories by many a reminder in future years, and old women, wagging their heads, told of many a past scene of splendid slaughter, when were killed not one but a dozen beautiful virgins to appease Kinchahan's wrath in times of famine.

Kulcan stood upon the temple roof gazing down upon the scene. The aged Iklapel, weary with his vigil, was slumbering in the warm sunlight, his withered hand resting on the edge of the altar, whose fire seemed dying slowly out. The young priest was not clad in his sacred robes, but wore a long yellow tunic, encircled at the waist by a belt made of turquoise squares set in gold and fastened by a looped serpent. On his head he wore a feather cap, surmounted by an eagle's plume—the totem of his family. His legs were naked, revealing a shapely, muscular development, and his feet were clad in leather shoes or buskins, with heavy neat's leather soles. They were fastened with gold loops over buttons of the same metal. Around his left wrist was coiled a heavy bracelet, modeled like a serpent with raised head—the rattlesnake of the plains and canyons—a sacred, mysterious emblem of their religion.

He was tall and well built, and his face was browned by exposure to the burning suns of twenty-six summers. But the narrow opening in his tunic showed a skin beneath as white as ivory. With eyes of deep blue and hair of tawny yellow he resembled as he stood there, his lip curled into a contemptuous sneer, gazing fixedly at the group of priests below, a viking chieftain, a man of the land of cold and snow instead of the hot arid desert. But his mouth and chin showed elements of weakness and vacillation, and the blue eyes held an indecision and wavering in their depths that betrayed his character.

He had already acquiesced in the old priest's decision and realized the uselessness of opposition. In him there was none of the stuff of the hero who would die defending the woman he loved, nor dared he kill himself with the knife that slew her. No, he would wait—perhaps some miracle might occur. What if Iklapel were wrong after all, and Quetzalcoatl should appear? And, too, it was a question not only of self preservation, but of his religion, of his priestly order and their fat livings and cherished privileges. Though he loved Ainee with all his heart, yet he questioned, What was one man's love to be set against the interests of a whole priesthood—despise them though he did one and all from the bottom of heart?

Then his thoughts turned in bitter hatred against them, and he felt that he could do no better than to shatter the whole system of lying and deceit, pretense and jugglery. But he was not sure, even were he to die, that such would be the result. In the turmoil of his thoughts, for he was used to little thinking, having heretofore allowed Iklapel to perform that duty for him, he finally resolved to let affairs take their course, weakly hoping against hope that something would intervene. Skeptical though he was as to his religion, he had still a strong taint of Atzlan superstition inrooted in him, part of his very nature, and the prodigy of the night, as Iklapel related it, certainly signified something at least unusual about to occur.

He made his decision, or allowed it rather to be made for him by the force of circumstances as well as habit, and awakening the high priest they descended the trapdoor behind the altar together and attired themselves in their sacred robes.

Unlike the continuous encircling building, the temple was not without doors or windows on the ground floor. The stories were set successively one behind the other, giving the structure somewhat the appearance of a pyramid, each story having a wide terrace or platform completely around it, and stone steps leading to the one above. The second floor was reached on the outside by a graded ascent thirty feet wide, the platform being even wider. Within there were also ladders, as in the other parts of the city.

Upon the top of the temple before the perpetual fire stood an immense effigy of the sun, made of solid and virgin gold, supported by heavy braces of silver, facing toward the east and reflecting the rays of the heavenly luminary in a blaze of blinding splendor. The small square apartment on which it rested was built of cedar, covered externally with alternate plates of gold and silver, the walls within being coated with a white cement composed of gypsum and nearly approaching plaster of paris in composition. As I have said, the temple stood toward the western end of the court, where the houses were lowest and near the canyon walls, the distance therefrom being about sixty feet, so that for the greater part of the day it rested in the cool shadow of the cliffs.

At the southwest corner, close to the altar, now stood Iklapel, holding in his hand his pointed tiara, like that of the modern pope, made of the skin of a huge rattlesnake, with the head surmounting it pointed upward. The placing of the tiara on his head was the signal for the great procession to begin its march.

He had resigned all other duties to the young and vigorous Kulcan, who was already below, busied in arranging the last details of the festival. In the complicated mythology of the Atzlans there were minor gods to be appeased by lesser sacrifices, and these were to be performed in the regular order of the day, leading up to the noonday rite—the sacrifice of a maiden, chosen by lot, before the altar of Kinchahan.

The people were all within the court with the exception of a few tardy stragglers bearing bundles of fagots from the pinon orchards outside the city; even these were hurrying in order to obtain places in the procession. The uproar was immense—each citizen seemed vying with the other as though to drown thought and anxiety—the pressure of feeling bringing a feverish hilarity to the surface in a naturally grave and serious people.

Opposite the temple, at an open door, whose wooden lintel was scarce three feet from its threshold, which was rounded and hollowed by centuries of constant footwear, sat a little child almost hidden in the mass of jasmine-like flowers that grew closely about the narrow portal. Her beadlike black eyes glittered with eager impatience as she watched the groups of people gather. While she wove the delicate blossoms into a garland to deck her black hair—for she was to walk with other children in the procession—she ever cast her eyes into the dark recesses of the room and murmured petulantly, calling now and then:

"Oh, grandmother, hurry! Eltza is waiting. I shall be left out!"

After a time slow and feeble footsteps were heard within, and an old woman appeared—an old woman bearing the weight of years so heavily that she scarce needed to bend an inch in emerging through the little opening. It was the child's grandmother, Intzu, the oldest woman in the city, one of the weavers of the cloth of which the sacred white robes were made—a duty which devolved upon the most aged and most skilled of the women. Her face was shriveled like an old dried apple, so full of wrinkles that not an eighth of an inch of skin was left uncreased, yet her teeth were as white and regular as her grandchild's and her eyes as bright and piercing.

She came out into the glaring light blinking her eyes and puckering the skin about them in concentric wrinkles in an endeavor to see the child among the flowers, and seated herself with a contented chuckle beside her on the sill.

"Ah—the sun is good. He warms old Intzu's bones, though not as fondly as he was wont to do in the old days. And today is another feast—how quickly they come now! Times are changed. Formerly they were far apart, and we waited long for the sacrifice. Now they tread each other's hurrying heels."

"How many have you seen, grandmother?" asked the child, creeping closer.

"Many, many, my child! Two katuns have I lived through, and each katun is fifty-two years in length. And the gods were kind! I was not chosen for the sacrifice, though I was married late in life, for you must know that 'tis only the maidens who are taken, and none is exempt but the blind or lame. Even the wise and good Lela, your cousin, may be chosen when the fatal dice are thrown again, when the feast of the katun comes, two years hence. I have stood upon the housetop and seen a companion of my youth given to the gods, and then, years after, my daughters stood with me and beheld the same sight until it has grown an old tale to me. Yet we have always made merry, for who may mourn those who go to dwell with the god? Some day, they say, Quetzalcoatl, the fair god, yellow haired like the sun, whose child he is, will appear and claim the victim as his bride, but we have waited in vain, my Eltza, for many generations, and perhaps he has forgotten us down in the canyon. But we look for him, for when he comes there will be no more sacrifices, no more famine, no more plagues."

"Oh, I hope he will come!" said Eltza, taking her grandmother's hand.

"After the sacrifice is finished," continued the old woman, "the people break forth in songs of gladness and make merry with shouts and feasting all that day until the sun goes down, but the god knows, and his servant Intzu knows, the secret wailings and sorrow in the houses of his people, who fear that the next feast will take from some dwelling the light thereof forever."

"But Quetzalcoatl may come today, grandmother."

"Alas, my Eltza, I fear not; the hope of it long ago faded in my breast."

"I shall watch for him," said the child, "and I believe he has been waiting for our Ainee to grow up, and he will come and take her."

"Perhaps," said Intzu with a heavy sigh as the flood of memories surged over her mind; "but come, they are nearly ready."

Then rising, she turned and called to some one within:

"Lela, my own, we must go. Iklapel stands prepared to give the signal, and everything is ready."

In a moment there appeared at the door a girl whose tall figure formed a dazzling picture against the darkness of the interior. Bending with stately grace she came into the light clad in a clinging gown of pale blue cotton, which revealed the superb outlines of her form. Her eyes were a deep blue, and her golden hair, tinged with a suggestion of auburn, and her white face upon which the blue veins showed in her excitement, made her seem like a vision of some Norseman's daughter—a child of some snowland of the north. A lovely face, with grave, serious eyes and a mouth of wondrous beauty, and yet so strong and earnest, and withal showing a capacity for loving—a passionate mouth, formed for kisses and tender smiles.

She was very pale and her lips were compressed with emotion, and there was a look of determination in her eyes which showed to plainly her thoughts.

"Must I go, grandmother? Can I not remain here? Oh, I cannot witness it!"

"My child," the old woman answered, "it is so—you must come. No one would be missed so quickly as you. The city's ruler is dead; you, his only daughter, cannot absent yourself from the great feast unnoticed. Already they have seen you, my darling, and many eyes are upon you. Chalpa now is looking at us, and he motions us to make haste."

"Yes, I feel his serpent eyes upon me, though I cannot look upon him. I will go; 'twill be but a little while."

She covered her hair and forehead with a white scarf, shielding her eyes from the sun, and with a visible effort at self control took the hand of the child Eltza and followed the bent form of the aged weaver.

As they took their places old Iklapel placed the tiara upon his head and the procession began to move. First came the body of priests in their white robes, a hundred or more, chanting a low monotonous song, followed by eight chiefs bearing a litter of wood covered with gold and decked with flowers, in which sat Ainee, a dark skinned girl of eighteen, already under the influence of the potent nitsi—a drink distilled from maize—and forming a picture that sent shudders through Lela's frame.

Then came the four death priests, swinging censors of gold and filling the air with an aromatic scent. Their faces were painted most skillfully to represent skulls; their heads were shaved, and their tightly fitting garments were likewise made to convey the idea of skeletons. The effect upon the minds of the people was ghastly and thrilling.

Behind them came the members of the order of the Kabilo, an ancient secret society, to the number of four hundred, clad in black, the foremost carrying a corpse between them. Many of them led little spotted dogs—a favorite form of sacrifice to Chalcu, the serpent, the dread god of evil.

Then came the principal families, in the order of their rank and wealth, with bearers of food, drink, flowers and fruits for sacrifice at the different altars, which were located at intervals all around the great court. The populace followed, in less order and with more or less disputing, and stretched out the long parade until the rear nearly touched the leaders and all could see the entire ceremonies.

When order had been attained they moved slowly and with great solemnity toward a huge heap of wood upon which had been cast the sweepings of the houses, old utensils and clothing, baskets and fishing nets—in fact everything that would be renewed yearly in the household. This was ignited with a brand from the sacred fire by Kulcan, who, covered with small bells and attired in a gorgeous feather robe, marched slightly in advance, with much show of pomp, the priests chanting solemnly.

The procession moved on to a large stone altar, upon which rested the figure of a woman, most hideously carved, bearing in her arms maize and other fruits. This was Ixcan-leox, the goddess of maize. To her was sacrificed bread and pinon nuts and all manner of produce of the fields, brought in baskets and laid around the altar. Four chiefs stood at the corners and held aloft a red cord, under which all who had purified themselves by fasting and dreaming were permitted to enter. Before Ixcan-leox they burned little balls of incense, each casting his ball into the braziers of gold, while the people prayed silently, kneeling, for good and bounteous crops.

Then they moved onward to the altar of Am, the sacred stone, the emblem of life, some holding it to be but the ancient symbol of the sun god himself. It was simply an upright conical stone standing upon a pedestal; before it, in a great fire, they sacrificed sheep and rabbits, also wounding themselves and dropping their blood into a number of braziers set about the altar. Women, kissing this stone of Am, invoked the blessings of maternity with loud pleadings. Farther on stood the dread image of Chalcu—the very sight of which affrighted not only the children, but old men as well—a hideous figure, with a huge serpent coiled about his form, out of whose mouth came a pale bluish flame continually, as though he hungered for blood.

Before him the people prostrated themselves, while even among the younger priests blanched faces showed here and there. To Chalcu they burned many little spotted dogs, and consigned the corpse which the Kabilo carried to the devouring flames.

Kulcan addressed the prostrate multitude with devout gravity and earnest mien, advising them as to what they should do to avert evil, and announced to them the solemn feast of "Katun," or the fifty-second year, which would occur two years hence, telling them to prepare their daughters for the fatal lottery.

Then opening a folded parchment he read to them the omens for the future year, announcing the findings of those whose duty it was to study the stars and other signs. He prayed aloud to Chalcu to be merciful, to tempt no man beyond his strength, to bring no evil to the city, but to be satisfied with the sacrifice of his servants.

It was evident that each word was echoed by the groaning fear stricken multitude, to whom, as we shall see, the serpent emblem meant more than a mere idea, and represented a real and horrible memory of a terrific event.

It was high noon, the rays of the sun falling from immediately overhead upon the city, so that the great dialpost cast but an inch or two of purple shadow.

The dread event of the day was about to occur, and the people pressed one another closer in their desire to obtain a nearer view. Very many slipped from the ranks and mounted to the highest housetops in order to witness every detail of the awful scene.

Iklapel, standing motionless on the temple, felt that the procession was nearing him. A strange commingling of fear and hope moved him, for the memory of the voice in the storm was fresh in his mind, and he felt that the hour had come for the manifestation or intervention which he expected. The head of the procession had already nearly reached the temple summit. He heard the measured tread of feet as they mounted the graded causeway, and knew that in another moment Kulcan with his charge would stand beside him.

Had Iklapel's vision been what it was of old, and had his eyes been directed upward toward the frowning cliffs, he would have been startled to see a face peering down upon the wondrous scene—a face in which astonishment and gratification were mingled, for the owner of it saw white faces in the multitude below him and felt himself safe. He would have seen a body belonging to the face emerge and descend the crumbling, ladderlike pathway, rifle and bird in hand, in eager anticipation of a welcome which meant food and drink to a hungry and thirsty man. But Iklapel saw nothing, nor did one eye turn in all that host of gazing faces upward toward the real sun—to the golden emblem of which they sacrificed.

Each face was turned toward the temple in a fixed expectancy, eager to catch every action of the priests and the victim. Many were there who had seen but one such sight, when children; children were there to see it for the time—were to be held up so they might see and hold it in their memory when aged and middle aged, who had seen it before, some of them many times, waited the last dread act in the drama.

The litter containing Ainee was last placed before the altar, and to the surprise of all the girl stepped forth calmly and with firmness, and bore no trace of the [illegible] its effects having [illegible] trying hours of the [illegible] even until the last terrible [illegible] a firm conviction [illegible] avowed lover, would [illegible] to save her, she faced the [illegible] ures of the death priests and [illegible] them to bind her [illegible] her without a movement or a [illegible]

But when Iklapel stepped [illegible] the weird chant of the Kabilo [illegible] handed Kulcan the sacrificial [illegible] started, and her eyes were [illegible] tearless appeal. Even yet [illegible] his wisdom and his love did [illegible] her, but when she saw that [illegible] and averted his eyes a cold [illegible] frame and the awful truth [illegible] her in a moment. Casting her [illegible] ward in a wild, terrified [illegible] what calmed her in an instant [illegible] faced her lover with a confident [illegible] smile upon her face.

Kulcan had taken the knife, a [illegible] blade of white quartz—a material [illegible] supplied so many beautiful stones [illegible] to the prehistoric races—and [illegible] before Ainee with a pallid face, [illegible] perspiration upon his brow [illegible] the sunlight, in an attitude of [illegible] He had come to the supreme test [illegible] priesthood and his love, and [illegible] had conquered the lover, but [illegible] the courage to strike the blow. [illegible] ment was one of the deepest [illegible] him and to most of the spectators [illegible] spellbound with emotion, stood [illegible] est silence, unbroken by even [illegible]

Chalpa, the second priest, [illegible] close to Iklapel, his dark face [illegible] lips and set teeth making him [illegible] resemblance of the god of evil [illegible] cursed under his breath at the [illegible]

"The coward dare not strike," [illegible] tered. "Ah, would that he [illegible] fuse! Then I should hold his [illegible] day, for the people would [illegible] pieces for spoiling this good [illegible] Let me but grasp the knife [illegible] would be rarely served. Ah! [illegible] will do it after all!" for Kulcan [illegible] raised his head, and with one [illegible] spairing look deep into the girl's [illegible] eyes placed the blade against [illegible] throat with a hand whose [illegible] made the weapon flash in the [illegible] row of diamonds. As he drew [illegible] breath with a shuddering [illegible] multitude gave an audible [illegible] piration; then, with one quick [illegible] he raised the knife aloft, [illegible] on the spot upon her throat [illegible] blow must fall.

But while it trembled [illegible] shadow of the cliff, darting [illegible] slender shafts the rays of the [illegible] whose dread service it had [illegible] blood of his victims for [illegible] there came a sharp, ringing [illegible] echoed and rolled like thunder [illegible] canyon walls, and the knife [illegible] tered in a thousand fragments [illegible] falling, dashed the sacred [illegible] the altar and extinguished [illegible] stantly forever. At the same [illegible] there rang out a shrill voice, [illegible] of the child Eltza, crying [illegible] she smote her little hands [illegible]

"Quetzal! Quetzal! He has [illegible] saved our Ainee!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Notice.

The Traveling Agent of THE CASIAN, Mr. J. P. Sossaman, with a Razor," will be at:

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Children of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. [illegible] Altoona, Pa.

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Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children afflicted from diseases caused by impure blood, for which there seems no cure. Relief is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents:

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Worst Form of Eczema

for two years. We had three physicians at that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them or even in giving them relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a month both children were entirely cured. We recommend

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HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion

THE CAUCASIAN.
GOLDSBORO, N. C., MAY 4, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

State Superintendant Scarboro has accepted an invitation to deliver the address at the closing of the Goldsboro Graded School May 26th inst.

Rev. W. S. Barns Secretary of Wayne Alliance was in the city Friday. We regret the Editor (who he wished to see) was absent.

Major Bass lost a fine horse on Friday last. He was wallowing in the yard and stuck a nail in the muscle of his thigh and inflamation set in and killed him, quite a loss to the Major.

The first bean blossom of the season was laid on our table last Saturday Morning by Mr. Waters of this city; now who will send us the first mess of beans, it will take that to make a mess. Don't all answer at once.

The Soldiers retuned on Friday last having accomplished what they had called out to do. We regret to learn of the death of Lt. Col. Bogart who died at New Bern. He was thrown from his horse while on dress parade and almost instantly killed.

A number of "quill drivers" were in the city on Friday last on their way back from the Press Association at New Bern. Some of them stopped while here, among the number Mr. Griffin of the Free Lance and Mr. McDiarmid of The Robesonian.

The freight train going south Sunday night killed a negro near the new shoot in the southern part of the city. His name was Joe Thompson and worked with Mr. Sam Cox, they suppose he boarded the train in the Northern part of the city while it was shifting out some cars thinking it would stop at the cross shoot, it did not stop however and he jumped off. His head struck the cross ties or something and broke his skull.

Ye Local was around at the Baptist Church on Tuesday night, to witness the marriage of Miss Laura Peters, the accomplished daughter of our townsman, Mr. J. E. Peterson, and Mr. H. C. Moore, a young Baptist Divine. It was a brilliant affair and we feel our inability to do it justice. The Church looked like a beautiful flower garden. It was strictly "love among the roses", May their pathway through life be strewn with them.

The truckers are conplaining at the low prices realized for garden truck, and some are disposed to condemn the Commission Merchants. We have no doubt the truckers are sometimes fleeced by the Commission Merchant for all of them are not strictly honest, but they need not be surprised at low prices after the season thoroughly opens, for as large as the northern markets are when the whole country are shipping them the market can be glutted and is no doubt very often.

There is some complaint by the farmer, of their "over production" coming up. Well it is rather dry, dont be discouraged gentlemen, there is plenty of time, if you dont get a stand, put the ground in corn, you would be just as well off next fall. If one half of your cotton was to fail to come up and you had to put corn in its place. We have never herd of a man nor stock starving with a crib full of corn, make corn, to raise pork and while you are making more than that it.

We do not know that any of our readers (not many of them at least) will visit the World's Fair this summer or fall; they are too poor, but for the benefit of those who contemplate making the trip, we intend to make an effort to ascertain in the neighborhood of about what it will cost to make it. The railroad fare is $30 the round trip, we learn. We will find out the other necessary expenses, and if you have got the money to spare you have our permission to go, and if you will pay our way we will go with you. Who'll do it? Don't all speak at once.

The Next Meanest Man Heard From.

We have just received a letter from Sloans P. O. in Duplin County, in which the writer incloses us a 5c N. C. shin plaster of rebellion days and says he has received the paper and sends 50c to pay for it, and then goes on and uses language, which, if published, would lay the writer liable to prosecution for sending obscene matter through the mails. He is sneck enough however to sign his name. Or we would publish him. He did not know that the shin-plaster sent us would sell in New York to day for $5.00, we are much obliged to him. We will keep the shin plaster and the letter. The former as a memento of the late war and the letter as a letter from the meanest man yet heard from. We do not wish to sell the shin-plaster, or we would send it on and for $5 and send the paper to the address of five men that he might name. We will bet a quart of Tom Parkers' condenser-milk he is expecting the appointment of postmaster at Sloans.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Our Buckeye Binder at a great sacrifice. Address,
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No. 364, Bensalem, N. C., 1t

TAR HEELS MAD.

A PARLOR SCENE AT THE PIEPOLITAN HOTEL THAT MADE THE TAR HEEL OFFICE SEEKERS CURSING MAD.

They Were Looking for Ransom And Couldn't Find Him.

THE WASHINGTON "STAR" ARTIST KODACKED HIM.

[Washington Star, April 20.]

It was Senator Ransom of North Carolina who found himself penned in a corner of the rotunda of the southerner's favorite hotel by four fair young women who insisted on finding out just where the Senator stood on the hoop-skirt question.

"Now, girls, don't you know you ought not to ask me such a question? What do I know about crinoline and hoopskirts, anyhow?"

"You know whether you like them or not, and you also know that many a wilder subject than these has been brought to the attention of Congress in the last few years, and if skirts keep extending at the present rate some precious congressional crank or dress reformer will introduce a measure destined to regulate the sale and wearing of the articles; and what stand would you take then?"

When Mr. Ransom had it duly impressed on his mind that "hoops" were on the way "sure nuff" he turned on the girls with, "Now what dy you want those things for?"

SENATOR RANSOM GETS MIXED.

"Why, don't you think they are becoming?" encouraged the girls, and the Senator, between his desire to be extremely gallant and his antipathy to hoops, stammered, lost his urbane dignity and blurted out: "Oh, if you girls must wear 'em, why wear 'em then. Of course I want a woman to be happy and wear just want she wants, but I can't see for the life of me why she wants to look like a bell buoy, and—well, nobody ever looked nice in those contrivances. Of course if I had to consider the question in open session I'd vote with the ladies, which ever way that was. But if it was in secret session I'd vote to imprison every manufacturer of the despicable articles. Now, are you satisfied?" and the girls looked so tickled at the Senator's lecture that Mr. Ransom began to plume himself on his own opinions.

THE POSTMASTER BUSINESS.

Did Chairman Simmons Eaves & Co. Have the Negro at Keenansville Appointed.

(Special to THE CAUCASIAN)

MAGNOLIA, N. C.

MR. EDITOR:—Why don't the Democrats adopt Mr. Grady's suggestion to let the people who patronize a postoffice select the person they want for postmaster? We understand that the politicians are cussing mad about it and say it will not do. The trouble is they know that the people would not select the man they want.

What are the Democrats of Keenansville going to do about their negro postmaster? He went into office only a few months ago, and under the Cleveland rule he will have to serve out his four years. It will be funny if the rule is enforced in this case. It is now believed by more than person that it was on the recommendation of Simmons and Eaves, the Democratic and Republican co-partnership, chairmen that the lady, Miss Watson, who had held the office for twenty years, was removed and this negro appointed. Not that they cared any thing for the negro, but hoping that it would have a bad effect on the reform movement of the county and all over the State. It gave the politicians a chance to yell "negro domination." If this was a plot of Simmons, Eaves & Co. will not be funny if they are forced to let him stay in office. All the Republicans in the eastern part of the State, as far as we know, were opposed to removing Miss Watson. Then on whose recommendation was it done?

CITY ELECTION.

The municipal election on Monday passed off very quietly, in fact it was rather monotonous. There was not variety enough in it to make it interesting. The entire ticket was elected—nobody got left. It was one election in which there was no disappointed candidates. The bond question got a black eye of course, and the general verdict is that the people are level headed. Some of those who favored bonds say the majority of the people are old fogies—not up with the times, but the old fogies tell them that young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks knows young folks are fools.

All persons that have homes and buildings, should investigate the merits of the Eagle Brand Roofing. It comes ready for use, and is easily applied by anyone. Address the Excelsior Paint and Roofing Co., Dept. 12, 155 Duane St. New York. 1t

THE "NATIONAL ECONOMIST" AN OLD PARTY ADJUNCT.

We clip the following from a big Metropolitan political daily, and as long as the National Ecomomist stood by and fought squarely for the demands of the Farmers' Alliance, the big Metropolitan papers never noticed it or clip from its columns. The Economist was one of the first Alliance papers to endorse the People's party as the only party that had endorsed the demands of the Alliance, but before the campaign was over it deserted the fight and become an old party adjunct. Since then we frequently see in the big Metropolitan dailies editorial notices about the Economist like the following:

"THE FARMER IN POLITICS."

"It was recently stated by us that 'there are more than surface signs of a dissolution of relations between the Farmers' Alliance and the People's party,' and that word had been passed along the line by Dr. Macune urging the total disconnection of the Alliance with any political organization. We have also remarked that a grave suspicion was engendered during the last National campaign that the doctor's sympathies leaned largely in a democratic direction."

"A reply to these obligations appears in the National Economist, in which their correctness is in the main substantiated. The Economist dwells at length upon the value of educational rather than political effort for the accomplishment of reform and says:

"'Political party affiliation and the exercise of suffrage and personal duties and privileges, and are attributes which cannot be exercies and do not belong to a farmers' or laborers' fraternal organization. The work of a political party in support of its platform is only to a very limited extent educational, because it commences a campaign by the adoption of a platform which instantly becomes a dogma to which all the party workers seek to secure converts.'

"'On the other hand, the fraternal labor organization has no political platform to begin with. It merely unites all men eligible to membership, and they discuss measures till they agree on certain demands, and they announce these subject to change whenever any man can propose a change that will be a benefit. This conclusion each member strives for by all the methods at his command, and seeks to have adopted as the policy of the political party to which he belongs. The question as to whether they should band themselves together and form a new party in the event they cannot control the party to which they belong is one of both principal and policy.'

"It is admitted by our esteemed contemporary that the time may come, the emergency may arise, when this fraternal organization will be called upon to doff partisan habliments and save the country; but the idea that the country's salvation depends in any wise upon the People's party, as at present constituted, is steadily kept out of sight.

"As to Dr. Macune's sympathies during the late campaign, we are told that there was never any occasion for a suspicion that the editor of the Economist leaned toward Democracy because he announced frequently in the columns of the paper and from the platform that he believed in and adhered to the original principles of Democracy, but did not hesitate to condemn the abuses of that party and its corrupt politicians as it does those of the Republican and the People's party.' It was, therefore, not so much of a suspicion as a fact as to where his sympathies were.

"The Economist should understand that what The Post said was not in the nature of criticism. We believe Dr. Macune to be entirely right in his position and that his advice to the farmers to keep out of entangling political alliances will be best for themselves and best for the country.

CHOLERA PRECAUTIONS.

In this "World's Fair" year, when we are to have visitors from all portions of the globe, and if the germ of cholera is not already sown here, it may be brought among us by these arrivals; it behooves us to learn all we can of the fatal diseas that we may know how to treat it. Mrs. Louis Russell. Smith. Medical Missionary Van Turkey in Asia writes her experience:

In watching this epidemic several facts have been very evident. First—The infection is powerless among people who are careful to cook all water and food. We worked among the people without regard to infection, staying with them for hours, applying friction, etc., but we drank hot water and ate hot food. * * *

Second—The majority of cholera cases can be saved if proper means are used at the very beginning—that is, just as soon as abdominal trouble shows itself. Our treatment consisted of rest, opium, camphor, and capsicum. * * *

Third—There are some cases that nothing can touch, although attacked at the onset. There seems to be cases where such an amount of poison has entered the system that death comes almost before symptoms.

Fourth—In this epidemic the number of rapid convalescences had been small. Most of the patients passed from the disease into a typhoid staate in which some ultimately died of uræmia, while others finally recovered health. * * *

Fifth—Water taken to appease the almost intolerable thirst during the acute stage is absolutely fatal.

Finally, it takes more than than slight cold to put an end to a cholera epidemic. The disease did not appear in Erzroom until the heat of summer was over, and it did not get from Persia to Van until well on in November. We are hoping that this unusually severe cold that we are now enjoying may prevent a return in the spring. But that time must decide.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

[Continued from first page.]

Executive Committee. There can be no manner of doubt as to his fitness for the place, when one remembers what the Democratic leaders have had to say about the Internal Revenue business in the past. Then, too, the kind of work he did for the party must be paid for well.

Over and above the din of warring factions one may occassionally hear among a certain class of Republicans the faintly expressed but evidently fervid hope that in Gresham there is life. It is said that the postmaster at Wilmington hopes to hold over as a Gresham Democrat, and if such should proove to be the case well may both Democrats and Republicans wonder "where we are at." What Mr. Gresham can take into the Democratic party is, of course, an unknown quantity, but that such was the object of his appointment there is little doubt. The natural supposition is that Mr. Gresham was simply made a figure head and will be duly and appropriately shelved at a convenient time, Mr. Blount of Georgia being the real head of the great Department of State.

To say that the scramble for places is unprecedented is drawing it very mildly. There are twenty-five or thirty applicants good, bad and indifferent for places abroad. Among them ex-Mc. W. M. Robbins who first sought the Mexican Mission and has now got down to the Havannah Consulship and will likely "end up" with a division chieftainship in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. At the most, four or five Counsulships are all that the State is entitled to and when it is known that North Carolina is the only Southern State that did NOT give Mr. Cleveland an absolute majority it should not be expected that he would be lavish in his treatment of the citizens of that State, nor should they expect much.

For every Federal office there are scores of men willing and seeking the place. The bosses are asserting their power and only a day or so ago a protest went up from Wilmington's common people to Mr. Cleveland against allowing the "bosses" there to control everything in sight. It is really a mighty interesting sight to see the uses and abuses that a fight for a so-called great principle entails, and it is also a sad commentary upon the politics of our country.

These gentry are not even satisfied to leave things to nature—let a man die or resign—but they must needs "get up petitions" for the place beforehand. The curious spectacle is now being enacted by the bar of the State of North Carolina in circulating petitions for Mr. Cleveland to appoint a Judge to succeed Judge Dick of the Federal Court of this State who does not look like dying nor has he publicly given any intimation of an intention to resign. One of the petitions is in favor of Judge Avery of the State Supreme Court an astute politician and the other is in favor of Judge Armfield of the State Superior Court. Such is the condition of affairs.

The change in the Directorate of the Penitentiary Board brought to Raleigh such numbers of applicants for minor places, guards &c. at $15 per month, that the Board was compelled to adjourn in order to avoid the opportunities of those men. Such is Democratic (or rather undemocratic) rule. Hurrah for machine Democracy! Principles will possibly be thought of three years from now and the song of the patriot will be wafted through the cottages of the humble again.

VARIETIES OF NEPOTISM.

For twenty-five years the Democratic organs rang with denunciations of nepotism. For twenty-five years Democratic orators and statesmen made the hills reverberate with turgid eloquence upon that fruitful subject. And when, in 1885, the Democrats succeeded to the offices and the patronage, they straightway set about demonstrating what had long been a theory in certain observant quarters, that they regarded nepotism with aversion only when it was practiced by Republicans. Then came the Harrison interlude, during which Democratic newspapers, orators and statesmen rang afresh with protest and reproach, and now, with the Democrats in again and the political complexion of the nepotism changed accordingly, the voice of the whang-doodle is hushed for the second, and nepotism ceases to be a misdemeanor.—Washington Post.

In this connection we might call the attention of people who hate hypocracy to the fact that though Mr. Cleveland professes to be very much opposed to nepotism, yet he preaches it not in the ranks of his own party, but goes out of his way to retain in office Hon. Benjamin Folsom a relative of his wife, appointed Consul to Sheffield by President Harrison.

WHAT CHEEK!

In 1892 the Populists and Republicans in North Carolina formed a partnership after which was written "Limited." Next year it will be a regular partnership between the two, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! They will be wiped off the face of the earth.—Carolinian.

Ah, Brother, that's too thin! The partisanship was between the two g. o. p's. the Eaveites and Simmonites. We do not know whether it was "limited" or not. We are inclined to think from the "signs of the times" it was a partnership with no limitation. The partnership that the Populist will enter into from now out will be with the people—the good people, the wealth producers; and there will be no use kicking against that firm.

We have received an article from Dr. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, replying to Congressman Grady, but havent room for it in this issue. It will appear next week.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

[Continued from First Page.]

once had. But I love him, and that is all I thought about when he asked me to marry him, and that will be the way with all you girls, too." Which is very true, I fear.

Yours very truly,

The Girl of the Period.

Is altogether charming, and she is nothing if not athletic. She must ride, she must drive, she must row, bowl, play tennis, etc., etc., and do all in a piquant, characteristic way if she would be in the fashion. The fads of a typical athletic girl are described in a breezy and altogether delightful manner in "The Diary of an Athletic Girl," published in Demorest's Family Magazine, the May number of which is just received. In the same number is an especially apropos paper about the British Embassy at Washington, embellished with numerous superb illustrations, including fine portraits of the English ambassador and his family. "Ladies of the Administration" is another timely paper, illustrated with portraits of the wives of the President, Vice-President, and members of the Cabinet "Round About the Columbian Exposition" gives many interesting points about the World's Fair; "Early Italian Painters" is a chatty descriptive article, illustrated with numerous examples of the pictures painted in those far-off days; and "The Queen of the May" shows many beautiful views of scenes in Central Park on May day. The fiction in this number is especially good; "Society Fads" tells about the newest ideas in the fashionable world; all the departments are full to overflowing with interesting, helpful matter. Demorest's is indeed an ideal Family Magazine, and is published for $2 a year, by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

A STRONG, MANLY LETTER.

The Alliance in Warren County Doubted. What the People Think of the Election Law and the Refused Amendments.

STEEDVILLE, N. C., April 14, '93.

DEAR BROTHER BUTLER: Warren county had quite a full and interesting meeting yesterday, and I have never seen, since the organization of the Alliance, such determination to rally to its support. All, old and young, educated and uneducated, realize the importance of the Alliance and are determined to move on with the good work in Warren.

History tells us that "there were no Tories in Bute," (Warren and Franklin formed Bute) but that ALL of her sons fought manfully and bled and died for liberty. And today, sir, the Alliance in Warren is nearer a unit in thought than it has ever been. I know not of any one thing that has been more productive of good in this respect than the suicidal short-sighted action of the Legislature.

We have more than doubled the number of Sub-Alliances in the county since last January. This has "done itself," in spite of misrepresentation, unfairness and poverty, and we stand forth to-day and pledge anew our allegience to the cause of reform and to our officers, State and National.

We desire reform at the ballot-box—a free, honest expression of the will of the people, and then, and not until then, can we hope for reform further along the line. But when a party—any party—comes into power by fraud and corruption the whole course of its legislation is marked by its effort to perpetuate itself in power, as shown by its unwillingness to enact honest, just legislation. For instance I have but to refer to the amendments to the present Election Law, which were offered in the last Legislature, and which would have been adoped if the party then in power had desired to place beyond a shadow of a doubt the right and privilege of the elector to cast his ballot.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and too truly point the mind to the fact that we are to have a restricted ballot if the people do not rise up and force a free and fair expression of their will. But I must close, sir.

Fraternally yours,
HOWARD F. JONES.

Where Are We At?.

THE departure from the "Jeffersonian simplicity" brand of Democracy to the aping of monarchial can be best seen in the White House at the present time. For the first time in American history the servants employed in the White House are clothed in livery. Red coats, White vests and green pants are worn by the male servants and the female servants are arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow. The first thing we know it will be necessary to kiss the President's hand and get down on all fours while addressing him. The whole business is disgusting to every American who believes in the principles of republican government. The dressing of the White House servants in livery indicates that somebody has a swelled head:—Ex.

Are we on the eve of a departure from the principles of a republican form of government?. It is serious to contemplate. Man has lost sight of the fact that "it is not all of life to live", and are living with an eye to getting all he can out of life here; careing nothing for the future or posterity; and with that idea in his head, if he sees, or immagines he sees more pleasure, pomp and glory for self in a different form of government, many of them would willingly see it come about; no doubt of it. H.

DR. CYRUS THOMPSON'S APPOINTMENTS FOR WAKE COUNTY.

Holly Springs,	May 12th, 10 a. m.
Green Level,	" 13th, 10 a. m.
Stoney Hill,	" 15th, 10 a. m.
Rolesville,	" 16th, 10 a. m.
Wakefield,	" 17th, 10 a. m.
Hollands,	" 18th, 10 a. m.

Goes into Johnson county on 19th.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

Cleveland County.

SHARON, N. C., April 24th 1893.

MR. MARION BUTLER, PRESIDENT S. F. A., DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—I write you these lines to let you know that the Alliance in Cleveland county is still moving on for reform, our Alliance at home (Sharon Alliance) at its last meeting voted unanimous that if any brother should ask to withdraw his money from the Ageney that we would pay it and to keep his certificate, and I think this will voice all the Alliances in the county and I hope in the State for how could we do without our Agency? There is where the Legislature thought to kill us, but long live the Alliance, with good will to you and THE CAUCASIAN.

I remain, L. L. SMITH.

Sampson County.

CLEMENT, N. C., April 24th 1893. The South River Alliance Union has been postponed to meet with the Purdam sub-Alliance on Saturday before the third Sunday in May 1893 at 9 a. m. State President Marion Butler and Bro. John E. Fowler are respectfully invited to be present and speak on the occasion. All members of the Alliance requested to attend. R. W. HOWARD, Pres.
S. B. PAGE, sect'y.

Chatham, County.

Bro. T. A. Bland, Grove, N. C., writes: Bell's Alliance is improving. Some who went out on political causes are coming back and new members are joining.

Office of Secretary of Robeson County Farmers Alliance.

LUMBERTON, N. C., 1893.—ED. CAUCASIAN, DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Yesterday was the regular meeting of our county Alliance, which has always met in Lumberton, the county seat.

The brethren met promptly at 11 o'clock a. m. and we had a good meeting—pronounced by some to be the best we have ever had. The utmost harmony prevailed and there seemed to be a oneness of purpose that so attracted interest that although diversity of opinion was manifest on the various topics, yet, there was not the slightest friction and business was disposed of in a business like manner.

When the crowd began to gather there seemed to be great consternation in town that the vicious and malicious acts of the Legislature had not completely demolished the Alliance. Some even enquiring if the act did not destroy the order. * * *

There was great indignation expressed by many of the brethren at the recent acts of the Legislature and a resolution expressive of the sense of the body passed a copy of which I send you. * * *

Our reports show about thirty or forty per cent. advance in the Alliances in the county, on an average. * * * We have a program of exercises debating and singing etc., all of which I think will increase the interest of our meetings.

We have decided to try meeting away from town and will meet next time with Raft Swamp Alliance where they have a very suitable building and location and a good, congenial, clever people.

W. H. UMPHREY,
Sec'y Robeson Co. F. A.

Official Notice From The National Secretary-Treasurer.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 5, 1893.

There seems, from my correspondence, to be some misunderstanding as to the location of the Secretary-Treasurer. Therefore I desire to give notice that the office is now located at Columbia, S. C.

The Supreme Council at the Memphis meeting decided that it was not necessary to have the Secretary-Treasurer's headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Since my acceptance of the position the office has been opened in this city. The future can only decide the wisdom or otherwise, of this change. One fact is already developed—the office can be run for much less expense here than at Washington.

All communications for the Secretary-Treasurer will be addressed to me here.

I desire to urge upon all the State Secretary-Treasurers the necessity of reporting to me at as early a day as possible; the arrears due the office are retarding the regular work very much.

I am glad to report very cheering news as to the status and enthusiasm of the Order throughout the entire country.

In an organization covering so large an area there will appear to be diversified interest; hence, petty differences and jealousies will arise. Let us strive one and all to submerge these minor matters in a united effort for the material and financial advancement of our general interest. Allow me to urge the entire membership to come to a united determination to forever bury all personal grievances and work for the common good.

I have a supply of the new constitutions, the proceedings of the Memphis and other Supreme Council meetings which are furnished the members at cost of publication; also other Alliance supplies.

J. P DUNCAN,
Sec'y-Treas. N. F. A. & I. U.

Rev. J. T. B. Hoover.

SWANN'S STATION, N. C. April 27, 1893.—Brother J. T. B. Hoover met his appointment on the 19th inst. in our little town and made one of his able speeches. He showed us why it was necessary for farmers and laborers to be thoroughly organized. He showed that all other classes were organized for their protection, and all was prospering by it, but when farmers get to organizing our enemies were doing all they could to disorganize us. He dealt hard blows on combines and trusts, and after which he took up the Business Agency, showing clearly the advantage of buying through our State agent. We would be glad if Bro. Hoover would come again soon. The writer of this piece had the pleasure to hear his speech and to enjoy his good company at my home one night. He is the right man in the right place to do good, both temperal spiritually. Success to him and the cause. J. W. BURNS.

WANT A TEACHER.

The people at Boomer, Wilkes Co., want a School Teacher. Address,
JOHN S. FURGERSON,
Boomer, N. C.

THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The "States Rights" Doctrine Protects a Publicly Proclaimed Thief From Expulsion.

[Special Cor. to THE CAUCASIAN.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

When the honest, God-fearing, debt-paying, tax-cursed people in North Carolina read these lines written more in shame and sorrow than anger, they will stand aghast at the disgraceful spectacle witnessed by your humble correspondent in the United States Senate.

On the 15th of March publication appeared in the newspapers charging, in specific terms, that in the year 1879 Mr. Roach, recently elected to the United States from the new State of North Dakotah, had been a bank officer in a bank in the District of Columbia, and had embezzled $64,000 and had fled the city, that $25,000 of that sum had been paid to the bank by his bondsmen; that $16,000 had been realized from some property which had belonged to him, and that the balance had never been made up to the bank.

The charges were not even denied by Roach, and no step was taken or suggestion made by him to investigate them. He was branded by the public press as a thief and he did not raise his voice in refutation of the indictment or in vindication of his integrity. The charges were specific and the evidence to sustain them, I am informed, is overwhelming. Roach is a Democrat.

Thief as he is, Roach now says that he wanted an investigation, but the Democratic leaders in the Senate told him such a course was unheard of and unprecedented and that it would compromise the dignity of the Senate. Here is what the rascal says in cold type:

"Now to this body and entirely "unfamillar with its customs and "usages, I naturally attached weight "to the advice and opinion of those "old in the service and versed in the "practices and precedents of the "Senate. I was informed, or given "to understand, that, however much "I might desire or demand an investigation, it was not the practice of "the Senate to take notice or jurisdiction of alleged acts or conduct "prior to the election of a Senator, or "having no connection with the "legality thereof."

The situation naturally suggested a resolution of inquiry and investigation from the Republican side of the Senate. It was offered by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts: It directed:

"The Committee on Privileges and Elections to examine the allegations made in the public press charging William N. Roach, a Senator from the State of North Dakota, with certain criminal offenses committed while cashier or officer of a bank in the city of Washington, and to ascertain the facts and circumstances so far as to enable the committee to determine what are the duty and power of the Senate in regard thereto."

Speaking of this resolution Mr. Platt, of Connecticut said:

"If a convicted criminal who has finished his time in a penitentiary should be sent here by a State, will it be said that we are powerless to reject him or to expel him? I think that no precedent can be found in the United States or England, or any other civilized country, where the doctrine has been upheld that the Senate or the House is held down (in judging of the qualifications of its members) to the rigid constitutional requisites for election as Senator or Member. On the contrary, although the precedents are, in the nature of the case, few, it has been always held that jurisdiction is given to investigate under such circumstances. Will it be contended that we should be obliged to admit a physical leper if a State should elect him to the Senate?

Mr. Grady, of Deleware, asked: "What would we do about it?"

"I would expel him." Mr. Platt replied. "I would refuse to receive him in the first case, and if received without a knowledge of his disease I would expel him." He continued:

Could Aaron Burr have come here and said: "I am thirty years of age. I have been a citizen of the State of New York for nine years." And would the Senate have been powerless to have made any other inquiry into his qualifications? Would not the great notorious fact (even though he had escaped the clutches of the law) that he had been engaged in a treasonable conspiracy against the United States have been a fact which the Senate could have considered? If Aaron Burr had presented himself here with the credentials of a sovereign State I think that the Senate would have discovered that it had power to inquire into some other than the constitutional qualifications of a man seeking a seat in this body."

To an ordinary, plain, matter of fact honest man the reasoning seemed conclusive, but I was soon to hang my head in very shame when Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, a Democrat of Democrats, took the floor. He said:

"What a spectacle is presented to "the country of a great and strong "party being silent on the subject of "he alleged sins of one of its members; while the moment that a speck "can be found on anybody on this "side of the chamber, they clamor as "did the Pharisees of old, when the "Savior said to them: "Take the "beam out of your own eye, so that "you can see to take the mote out of "your brother's eye."

"That is what I complain of. I "did not want to be provoked into an "acrimonious discussion: but I ask "the country to take notice that the "Democratic party is standing on "the rock of the Constitution, stand-"ing on its limitations, which cannot "be ignored."

"I would want to leave the Senate "with loathing and disgust rather "than serve in a body which claimed "the right to supervise the morals "of the Senators from other States,

"and to enter into judgment upon "them."

In Heavens name has the United States Senate sunk so low? was my involuntary ejaculation as I hurridly left the Senate gallery. And yet there were people—Democrats I suppose—who cheered and applauded Voorhees.

The resolution was defeated. Roach will not be investigated. The Senate will contain at least one known thief. Roach is a Democrat!

THE CAUCASIAN prints this week a picture of North Carolinas' Senior Senator. It is a ravishing panorama of female loveliness. But for the hungry Tar-heels who have kept the curbstone in front of the Piepolitan Hotel hot since the 4th day of March it possessed no enchantment. What did they care about "crinoline and hoopskirts!" It may be one of the great questions of the future, but it throws no calcium light on the shadowed pathway of the anxious office seekers. Should it become an issue in the next campaign the people who have heard Ransom make the same speech for twenty years, will have an abundant cause to be thankful. We draw the curtain and wait coming events!.

Just Received, Anheiser Bush, St. Louis Pabst Milwaukee Export Beer for family use. at B. Lehman & Co.

MARKETS.

GOLDSBORO.

(Country Produce.)

Cotton, (middling)	7
" (good middling)	7 a 7½
Hams,	11 a 12½
Sides,	11
Shoulders,	11 a 12½
Lard,	13
Fodder,	70 a 75
Corn,	60 a 65
Meal;	65 a 70
Peas	70 a 80
Peanuts,	50 a 80
Oats,	55½ a 60
Eggs,	10 a 12½
Chickens,	20 a 25
Beeswax,	20 a 22
Potatoes	1.00 to 1.25

CLINTON.

(Reported by C. P. JOHNSON.)

Corn,	60
Peas,	60 a 1.00
Bacon,	10 a 11
Chickens,	15 a 25
Eggs,	10
Beeswax,	18 a 22
Butter,	20 a 25
Lard,	12½
Fodder,	75
Flour,	3.50 a 5.50
Hides,	5 a 6

WILMINGTON.

(Naval Stores.)

Spirits Turpentine, quiet	28½
Strained Rosin, firm,	1.00
Good Strained,	1.00
Tar, steady,	1.00
Turpentine, (crude) firm, hard,	1.00
Yellow Dip,	1.70
Virgin,	1.70

RALEIGH.

(Cotton.)

Good Middling	7½ a 7¾
Strict Middling,	7¼
Middling,	7¼
Stains,	7½ a 8¼
Tinges,	7

Market weak.

I AM STILL IN THE RING.

And am selling Pure North Carolina Corn Whiskey as low as the lowest. Call and examine my well Selected Stock of Whiskies; Brandies, Wines, &c., at the

JOHN O. THOMPSON OLD STAND

on East Centre Street, near the Old Market. I take this method of informing my former friends and customers that I am again in business and invite them to call and see me when in need of anything in my line. Remember the place, near the Old Market, Goldsboro, N. C.

JAMES D. PATE.

apr13-tf.

AGENTS WANTED.—No money required until goods are sold. Box containing 25 samples and full terms to agents and dealers 10 cents. They retail for 25 cents each. This is no humbug. Address, W. H. CRISP, Homestead, N. C. feb23—3ms.

"HICKORY MERCURY,"

A Newspaper Published
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AT
HICKORY, N. C.,
By Mercury Publishing Company
EDITED BY J. F. CLICK.

Devoted to Agricultural topics, and to such financial questions as are demanded by the necessities of farmers and laborers.

It will contend for such legislation as tends to the greatest good to the greatest number, and oppose all other, regardless of party.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Sample copies sent on application. mch23—tf

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

EARLY ANXIOUS.

This little girl stands in a chair where she had eagerly climbed that her hat might be tied on—eagerly, because her hat and coat were both new and she welcomed the opportunity of displaying them. Is it not often so with children of larger growth? Guided by my picture almost any mother could make the little coat, which was of fawn colored cloth and had a band of silk of the same shade, finished in front with a rosette. Feather trimming finished the end of the sleeves, and a pointed derby collar set of the neck. The large hat was of felt, with bow and strings of rose-colored ribbon. ESTELLE.

PARMELE, N. C., April 17, 1893.

I am a little girl 13 years old. My papa is an Allianceman and takes THE CAUCASIAN and I like to read it very much. I am glad you take enough interest in the children to give them a corner in your paper. Mamma dearly loves to read it also. She thinks your Woman's Column very good. Papa is trying to get a club for your paper.

I will close with many wishes of success for your paper, I remain

Yours truly

ADDIE WHICHARD.

An Open Vision.

A young girl, some sixteen years of age, had all her life been the victim of a blemish in her eye that hindered perfect vision. At length a surgical operation was agreed upon and successfully made.

The girl was kept within the house till her eyes gathered full strength, and was permitted gradually and sparingly to go out of doors. It so happened that some time elapsed after her recovery before she went into the open air after night-fall. One evening she rushed into the parlor with her face aglow with excitement. The joy of a great discovery illumined every feature.

"Oh, come!" she exclaimed, "come out quickly to the lawn, and see what beautiful things have appeared in the sky!

Her friends hastily followed her out of doors, wandering what might have occurred. They saw nothing.

"What do you mean?" they asked her.

"Look!" she said, pointing eagerly heavenward, "don't you see those bright things up their? There they are—and there—sparkling all over the sky!"

"My dear child," said one who loved her, "those are the stars."

Yes, the stars, which she had not seen before. Friends could hardly take in the fact that for all the years of her life, the dear child had been moving through God's world with a limited vision, seeing only what lay close around her, utterly oblivious that there were stars, hosts of stars, all over the sky, and all so very beautiful! How strange it all seemed.

Yet how many there are who go through life with imperfect vision of the best things that lie along their pathway! The best of love, truth, sympathy and goodness is unknown to them, just because they will not open their eyes to behold. Let none imagine he perceives or understands all of Divinity or of Divine truth in the world till his eyes have been opened by the truth that points to and makes it plain the highest in knowledge and happiness.

The Tribulation of a Fellow Who Wants an Appointment.

(Washington Post.)

"It is a dreadful thing," said a Georgian yesterday, as he aimed at a cuspidor in the hotel corridor and missed it a foot, "to think how little it takes to dash a fellow's hopes to earth when the fruition of his desires depends upon the temper of one man who holds a position like that which President Cleveland fills so completely. Here I am, and I want an office. It is not a big thing, not more than $3,000 a year, yet the comfort of my family and ability to clear myself of debt depend upon my success. It is very important to me. I have spent money to come here and spend money to stay here. When the executive reaches my papers he may not feel well. There may be a clot of undigested mustard upon his stomach, or he may have a slight cold in the head. Up I go! If I had this thing to undergo again I would rather plow seven days in the week and feed the mules myself."

Are You in Order?

Cushings Manual of parliamentary rules is the only standard authority on the correct government of all deliberative bodies. Presidents, vice-Presidents and secretaries in particular and Allianceemen in general should have a copy that they may know when their business is conducted in a business like manner; also when a member is in or out of order. Don't undertake to govern unless you know you are right in your rulings. It may be that the reader of this will be called upon to represent his county in the next Legislature, if so, this manual will be worth many times its cost. One copy by mail post paid for $1.00, one dozen by express for $9.00 pre paid. Mention the number of your lodge when ordering and address

J. E. RUE,
Littleton, N. C.
1t.

HON. MARION BUTLER IN HENDERSON.

[Special Correspondence.]

VANCE CO., N. C.—The 13th of April will be long remembered by the Alliancemen of Vance county as one of the most pleasant occasions of their lives. It was the day their beloved State President made one of the greatest speeches of his life, thoroughly non-partisan from beginning to end.

A few days before the writer received a letter from Capt. E. G. Butler, Co. Secretary, inviting Bro. Graham, Pres. of Co. Alliance, and myself to meet Bro Marion Butler at his house the night of the 12th, as he had promised to spend that night with him. Capt. Butler lives at Dabney, about three miles from Henderson, on the R. & D. R. R. We arrived there about half past six o'clock p. m. and some time after eight we heard the train whistle for Dabney, and our hearts were filled with pleasure at the expectation of meeting our State President again, who being soon after together with Bros. Z. T. Garrett and Gill led by our worthy host came in. After supper which was an elegant one, we spent the most enjoyable evening we have done for a long time, for which to a great degree we were indebted to our polite hostess and host, no pains were spared to administer to our every want. Hon Marion Butler is as entertaining a conversationist as he is gifted in speaking. About one o'clock we reluctantly gave our consent for him to retire knowing that he had a full day's work before him on the morrow. We arrived in Henderson the next morning about 8 o'clock and although it poured down rain most of the morning, the true and tried Alliancemen of Vance came in spite of wind and weather, and pretty soon there was hardly standing room in the office of the large and commodious Alliance Warehouse—where tobacco is sold at highest market prices and lowest charges—the boys were coming in to shake hands with their President whom they "love for the enemies he has made." We had the largest meeting I've seen of the county Alliance we have ever had since I have been a member. If those who tried to kill our order could have seen it they surely would have thought their efforts were in vain. After going through the regular order of business, and I would say here that every Alliance in the county was represented—the doors were thrown open and the house was filled, some were unable to get seats. I would say in compliment to those who were present that it was the most orderly and attentive audience considering the size of it that I ever saw. There was a good many of the citizens of Henderson present and some of her most prominent business men, who listened attentively to the speech. How any one could listen impartially to that speech and be opposed to the Alliance surpasses my comprehension.

We need not fear what our enemies may say if we are true to our principles. We are bound to win in the end.

T. A. EPPES,
County Lecturer.

AHE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

The National Citizen Industrial Alliance has forwarded to us a blank petition to the President Attorney General and Senators of the National Congress, which we publish as follows:

PETITION TO RELIEVE THE PEOPLE FROM THE UNJUST AND EXTORTIONATE RATES AND CHARGES OF THE CELL TELEPHONE COMPANY MONOPOLY.

To the.....

WHEREAS, The Bell Telephone Patent has expired after enriching a few stockholders of a private Corporation by over a hundred millions of dollars, extorted from the people by exhorbitant rates and charges for the use of that instrument, through its monopoly by the Bell Telephone Company of Boston. And as

This monopoly is still continued by illegal and fraudulent Patents reissued by the United States Patent Office, in violation of the Laws of the United States, and in defiance of the written protests of the Attorney-General of the United States, who seven years ago, entered a suit in the Courts to repeal the Bell, Edison and Berliner Patents, as expired by Law, and void, illegal and fraudulent, which suit cannot be forced to trial by the Attorney-General of the United States, as this monopoly, by its great wealth and influence, can block the wheels of Law and Justice in all our Courts and Halls of Legislation, and own and control the Ring in our Patent Office, who in every case rule and decided in favor of Corporations, and against the rights and welfare of the people.

BE IT RESOLVED, That we petition the President of the United States, the Attorney-General, and the Senate and House of Representatives to relieve the people from the oppressions and exactions of this great and powerful monopoly, who propose, in defiance of all Laws and justice, the voice of the Press, and the desires and will of the people, to continue to rule and rob our citizens who use the Telephone, by a fraudulent use of this illegal reissued Patent, and by dilatory litigation in our Courts of Justice.

Chairman.

Secretary.

As President of the N. C. F. A. we voice the sentiments of the members of that order in saying that we stand committed as opposing monopolies of all kinds, while we being ruralists are not interested to any great extent in the telephone business and do not conceive that a petition bearing our signature as Prseident of that order placed than at the request of the order would have much effect upon Mr. Cleveland the Attorney General and Senators, we stand ever ready to enlist in and lend our aid in any undertaking having for its object the breaking down of monopolies, rings and trusts and the granting of equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

It is reported that a farmer in Watauga county recently sold a curly walnut tree for $500.

FACTS CONCERNING PENDER COUNTY ELECTION.

As a great many voters of North Carolina have heard of, and read in different papers that there would be a case of contest between the Democratic and People's party candidates for the offices of Sheriff and Register of Deeds of Pender county, and whereas the case of contest has been nonsuited, we feel it our duty as a public journalist to give the cold unvarnished facts concerning the election, in a non-partisan spirit, and let our readers judge for themselves whether it was right to declare the Democratic ticket elected.

The returns from every precinct were all made out in due form and duly signed by the Registers and Judges of election.

The returns from Rocky Point had the following statement written on a blank space: "Upon comparing the vote with the poll book, we find too many votes in two boxes, viz. County and Legislative. This statement was not signed by any one. In Topsail township a complaint was made on the returns and signed by John B. Davis, one of the Democratic poll holders, and was as follows:

"The undersigned poll holders of Topsail Township, Pender county respectfully protest against counting the vote in Topsail Township owing to the fact that ballots were secured from persons in my opinion not legally registered, after they were challenged." Signed,

JNO. B. DAVIS,
Poll Holder.

The above were all the complaints which were made on the original returns.

When the Board of Canvassers met and proceeded to call for returns from the different townships, each member handed in the returns and announced that his township was all right, with the exception of Rocky Point and Topsail. At the conclusion of the call, however, Jno. T. Bland County Attorney appeared before the board and lodged a complaint against the returns from Burgaw township on the grounds that there were two illegal votes cast. That there were two votes more found in the boxes than there were voters recorded as having voted, and that the poll holders did not keep a poll book. Whereupon Mr. M. M. Moore the member of the board from said township (a Democrat) protested against any action against said township, alleging that the election had been fairly and honestly held in said township, and that there was no excuse to justify the board in throwing out said precinct. The Board proceeded to examine R. N. Bloodworth, acting registrar of Burgaw township, who stated in regard to the two votes found in the boxes than there were names recorded as having voted, that the poll holders had examined the poll list, and discovered, as they thought, that they had found the two men who had voted and whose names had not been entered on the poll books. But a later examination of the poll list showed that one of the parties had been recorded. Upon this evidence a motion was made to throw out the township, and was carried.

The poll holders at Burgaw did not keep a record of the votes on a regular poll book, but recorded them on legal cap paper, one sheet of this paper disappeared before the board met, and has not been seen by the public since. The Board was requested to put in writing the reasons for which it threw out the township, which were as follows:

"Burgaw precinct is rejected on account of illegal voting."

The members of the Board from Rocky Point, Mr. D. S. Black complained about Rocky Point saying that the ballots of the People's party were on colored paper. He was asked in regard to the more votes in the boxes than were voters recorded. If the registration books showed more names than were ballots in the box; to which he answered yes. He was then asked if he and the other poll holders did not keep a close watch on the boxes all day and if he thought it possible for any one to slip ballots in the boxes without their knowledge of it. To which he replied that they did keep a close watch and that he didn't think it possible for ballots to be put in without their knowledge of the same.

With no further investigation of the Rocky Point case a motion was made by J. T. Johnson, son of the Democratic candidate for the Legislasure, to throw out Rocky Point township which was done. The grounds for which action as regards Rocky Point township, as recorded by the clerk of the Board is as follows:

"Returns from Rocky Point Township is rejected on account of illegal voting."

After having thrown out Rocky Point and Burgaw precincts, which action, left a majority of the votes counted for the Democratic candidates, the Topsail case was taken up for consideration. And after some little discussion as to it, a motion was made to accept said township, which was done. The vote in Burgaw township stood 127 for A. H. Paddison P. P. candidate and 79 for K. F. Powers Democratic candidate. In Rocky Point, Paddisons vote was 189, Powers' was 98. As Paddisons majority in the whole county was 95, it was necessary to throw out the vote in these two townships to defeat him. Rivenbark, P. P. candidate for Register of Deeds, was elected over Stringfield Democratic candidate by 26 majority as shown by the original returns. The above is a full statement of the facts in the case so far as the Board is concerned. Continuing we give an account of the actions of the poll holders of Burgaw township as regards the two votes more being found in the boxes than were names recorded. The vote for Sheriff did foot up two more ballots than were names recorded, as having voted. This being the case one of the Democratic poll holders, Mr. A. E. McNeil refused to sign the returns unless that statement was endorsed upon them. It being thought that would cause trouble with the canvassing board and furnish a probable pretest for throwing out the township, members of the People's party present insisted that the poll holders, if possible, ascertain if there had not been persons who voted, and whose names had not been recorded, as there were several on the registration books who had not voted. Whereupon a careful examination of the poll list was made to see if the name of J. T. Collins, a prominent citizen of Burgaw, was recorded, as two of the poll holders were absolutely certain that Mr. Collins had voted. Such examination failed to find Mr. Collins' name recorded. Whereupon the poll holders expressed themselves being satisfied that his was one of the two ballots in question. They then began an examination of the registration book to see if another name comld be found which had not been recorded on the poll list. They had proceeded no further than the initial "B," when they found the name of L. N. Bowden. One of the poll holders, a Democrat, stated that he was positive that Mr. Bowden had voted and as his name was not checked on the registration book the poll list was again carefully examined to see if his name was on it. His name had not been recorded on said list, and as the poll holders themselves were positive that he had voted, his made the other vote which was alleged to have been too many, whereupon Mr. McNeil expressed his willingness to sign the returns saying that he wanted every thing right, and as everything was now satisfactory he would sign the returns, and did so. Now in regard to the two alleged illegal voters, one of them was a Democrat to whom the registrar had given a certificate so that he could register in another township, on the day of election.

The acting registrar told this man that he could vote, and he did vote. The other alleged illegal vote was cast by a colored man named Tom Jordan. It appears that there are two Tom Jordans, as later in the day another Tom Jordan presented himself to vote. but as there was only one Tom Jordan registered, they refused to let the last one vote. It was claimed before the canvassing board that the one that was registered. But even that statement was was not proven by witnesses. A pretense was made before the board that the ballots of the People's party tickets had device upon them. The alleged device consisting of three water lines running perpendicularly through the ballots. The lines, however, were invisible only when held up to the light. This was such a poor excuse that members of the canvassing board said it would not do; that it was too thin. The board also abandoned the question of the color of the ballots and based their actions on the grounds as stated in the above quotations. The abstract of votes for county officers were first written with pencil and then covered with ink, and filed in the office of the Superior court on November 18, subjected to inspection by any one who might wish to see them. They are there now and can be seen any day. Conservative people of all parties denounced the action of the canvassing board as shameful and outrageous.—Burgaw Sun.

RAILROADS PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

There can be no question that railroads are public highways, just as much as the old plank roads were public highways. The people had to pay toll on these public highways. How did they abolish this toll? Simply by the government, local and State, taking them and running them in the interest of the people. Would anybody like to return to the old plank road system? Hardly. It is the mission of the Populist party to bring all the railroads under control of the government. It does not only aim to make laws regulating rates, but its ultimate object is to own and operate the railroads, as the post-office is now owned and operated, and give the railway service to the people at actual cost. If there is any profit in the rail-road business let us all have a whack at it; if there be loss in their operations we can all better bear the lost than to throw the buiden upon the poor Goulds and Vanderbilts. If the railroads could be built and run exclusively upon private property there might be some excuse for letting them remain in the hands of private individuals for private profit, but no road can be built except it be built upon public property. We have, therefore, that which is the property of all used for the benefit and profit of a few. This is violation of equal rights.—Kansas Free Press.

The Dakota Ruralist One Year For $1.00.

The Dakota Ruralist is one of the pioneer Alliance papers of the northwest. It is edited by H. L. Loucks, president of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industral Union, with J. R. Lowe, president of South Dakota Alliance, as associate editor, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will be a stalwart advocate of the Alliance demands. We Co.,

We hav[illegible] arrangements whe[illegible] that a farm[illegible]nish THE CAUCA[illegible]nty recently sold [illegible]ralist for $1[illegible]ree for $500.

EVILS OF GAMBLING.

REV. THOMAS DIXON ON THE "GATES OF HELL IN MODERN BABYLON."

Appalling Facts on the Prevalence of This Particular Vice—The Prince of Wales and His Disrespect For Tennyson—All Classes In New York Infected.

NEW YORK, April 30.—One of a series of sermons on the "Shadows of the City; or, the Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon," was delivered this morning in Association hall to the great congregation which packs the building to its utmost capacity. Extraordinary interest has been manifested in the series from the first. When the hall is filled, the ushers are compelled to close the doors, and hundreds are turned away. The text chosen this morning was from Matthew xxvii, 35, "They parted his garments among them, casting lots."

Gambling may be defined as the art of securing the property of another without giving him anything in return. It is to get something for nothing or the attempt to get something for nothing. When this is done by game or trick in an artistic way, it is called gambling. When it is done by force or in a clumsy, inartistic way, it is called thieving. There is practically no difference between stealing and gambling. The principle involved is precisely the same. It is the violation of the fundamental law of nature, the law of compensation and just exchange. Any man who gambles steadily for 12 months will steal. Men may deny it, but those who know the facts in gambling life know that it is true. If the gambler does not actually steal, in the vulgar sense of the word, it is simply because he has not yet met the opportunity or the crisis demanding it.

Gambling is the total debauchery of the whole man. It is the debauchery of his body as well as his soul. The body is debauched because the conditions surrounding gambling imply it of necessity. It means the indulgence of every passion that clamors for the destruction of the body. There is no fascination like it. The spell it throws over the whole personality of man is simply resistless. No serpent ever charmed its victim with greater power. No fowler ever set his snare with surer results. It is an appeal to the pride and to the skill of man. It is an appeal to his love of superiority, to his desire for power, to the heroism of his nature, to his greed and lust for gain. Above all, it is a delusion of his religious faculties. It is a playing with the world of chance, which becomes finally confused with the world of spirit. Hence the debauchery of the gambler is complete and the wreck of character total. When the spiritual nature is burned out, there is nothing on which to build. Body and soul of necessity collapse. The gambler becomes the victim of a hopeless mental disease.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BRUTE.

Gambling is nothing short of a mania, and gamblers should be incarcerated in lunatic asylums with just as good reason as that which requires that other lunatics be isolated from society. This disease of the mind when once fixed is utterly hopeless. The victim follows his will-o'-the-wisp as the weary traveler follows the fatal mirage. A man recently set out from Juarez, Mexico, to go to Palomas in New Mexico and nearly lost his life from a mirage delusion. He was driving his wagon when he saw a short distance off in the desert a beautiful lake shadowed by trees. Both he and his team were thirsty, so he turned out of his course to get water. After traveling several miles the lake receded as far off as at first, but it was there, clear, distinct, before him. He continued in the direction of the lake and fancied he could feel on his face the fresh breeze from the water, but as the distance did not diminish at last the idea dawned on him, and he turned back toward the road. But the night overcame him. He lost his way. On the morrow he could not recognize any indication of his course. All his efforts to find the road were unavailing. At last, after a terrible struggle of four days, wrestling with heat, and with hunger, and with thirst, he succeeded in reaching the road, more dead than alive. Such is the experience of the man whose being is in the grasp of this relentless demon. It is a craze; it is a madness.

Mazarin was so fascinated with gambling that he played as he lay on his deathbed until he became too weak, and then he got some one to play for him. Walpole tells of a certain Lord Stavordale, who, when under 21 years of age, lost $55,000 in one night, but recovered it by a single great stake, whereupon he swore a great oath, adding, "Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions." It is said that two men were found by the police in Hamstead road in 1812, one on a wall and the other hanging by his neck from a lamppost, just "shoved off." They had tossed all day, first for money, then for their clothes and lastly to decide which of the two should hang the other. It was a logical conclusion to the day's work. It is the inevitable conclusion to the gambler's day on earth.

Gambling is not an evil that has developed primarily in modern times under modern conditions. It is as old as human depravity. It is as old as theft. It is as old as superstition. Savages and tribes in the most primitive conditions are and always have been, when discovered, addicted to gambling. And this leads us to the inevitable inference that gambling is a survival of the brute inheritance. Tacitus tells us that the Germans, whom he studied and reported, entered so heartily into gambling that they even staked their own persons, the one becoming the slave and absolute property of the other. Herodotus relates that a certain king of Egypt gambled with Demeter in the infernal regions. Plutarch says that Hermes gambled with the moon. The old Greek missionary, Patroclus, Homer tells us, "lost his temper over dice."

Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, when one of her sons had been killed by a slave, played with the king, her husband, for that slave, and by her skill won him. Cards were known in China long years before they found their way into Europe. Cards are so old that history fails to give their origin. It is probable that the devil himself invented them. While gambling has thus its history that dates back from the day when man emerged from the brute world—

It has remained for the modern city to develop the pestilence of gambling to a degree of deadly power never before known in the history of man.

THE RACE TRACK.

Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the fact that the city is itself the center of so many influences for weal or woe. That which touches the city life intimately touches every class of human society. Gambling has grown to be in our cities a chronic epidemic of practically resistless power. It touches every business and threatens its stability. Every counting house, every bank, every merchant, is threatened every night in the year by this dread power. Every home, every wife, every mother, every child, is threatened every day in the year. With its relentless grasp it lays hold of every race, every kindred, every tongue.

We see the immense development in our cities of this evil.

First—In the widespread influence and power at present exerted by the race track. Of all the institutions of gambling that curse our modern life, I am thoroughly convinced that this is the most terrible. It is carried on day in and day out, year in and year out. And what makes it so universal in its power to touch and destroy life is the fact that there is not a newspaper published today in our great cities whose columns are not disgraced by the reports of this infernal institution. The press panders to the doings of the race managers, their programmes, their races, their results, until it is impossible for an honest young man to read the happenings of the world daily and not be brought into immediate contact with the possibility of entering a gambler's life.

There are race tracks that are called respectable. There are those that are denounced by the papers. But they are all reported, and the results are thrust under the nose of men and women whose lives are the furthest removed from such an influence. In the name of God and of truth and of right, in the name of the thousands and tens of thousands of young men ruined every year at the race track, in the name of broken homes and debauched lives through the contact of disreputable characters elbowing each other at these public assemblies, I arraign those who are thus debauching the lives of the innocent public.

In the name of God, I ask our editors who profess Christianity, who profess humanity, how it is possible for them to denounce the lottery and the policy shop and make a specialty of reporting the races. Every race track is a field of blood, and no man can deny it and talk seriously of life. When men, referring to the race track, say that its purpose is to improve the breed of horses, they lie, and they know they lie. The breed of horses has not been improved by the race track. The breed of horses is not being improved by the race track. It never has been so; it never will be so. The horse which is the product of the race track is not an improvement on the normal animal. He is a monstrosity; he is useless except as a senseless extravagance. Not only is the race horse useless to the world; he is hideous to look upon. He is neither beautiful nor useful; he is trained and bred to be all bone and muscle. The laws of beauty are all bred out of him; he is simply transformed into an aggregation of legs and strained neck.

POOLROOMS OF THE CITY.

The thousands of young men and women who attend the races are ruined in influence and character, and I assert, without the fear of contradiction, that no man who attends the race track and pretends to respectability would keep in his employ a young man whom he should meet at the same track. He knows that he could not trust him with his money. He knows that he could not trust him with his business. He knows that the man who attends the race track constantly will come, and come early, to lie, to cheat, to swindle, to steal. The only reason why the man of respectable name and pretensions in society, and even in any street in the city, where they congregate, tossing up their pennies and gambling until the last cent of their earnings is lost, and until the last cent of what they can steal is staked. What the harvest will be when these young gamblers have grown to manhood it takes no prophet to foretell.

Gathered all around the race track, and inevitably so, are the poolrooms of the city. These are veritable hell holes, to describe which is a superfluity. No man has ever dared to stand up before rational men and women and give one word in excuse for their existence. They pander to the lowest and the vilest. The results upon character are always utterly vicious. The power of these institutions to destroy young men is something appalling, and the preacher of the gospel who comes in contact with young men as I do in this hall has a revelation on this score that is simply heartrending.

There are from 4,000 to 5,000 young men who attend these services. I am brought in contact daily with the lives of thousands of young men. I would not give a copper for the character of any young man who has attended a race track or a poolroom or a gambling den for six months. There is nothing left in him after that experience. There is no character by which you can take hold of him. I have seen them go down, again and again, again and again, until, sick at heart and almost in despair, I have felt like giving up the work of preaching the gospel of love and leading a crusade with sword and torch against those who are destroying the possibility of manhood and of life.

I received a letter from Scotland some time ago asking me to look after a young man in my congregation. I did. I interested myself in him. I did my best with him. It was no use. He was a liar and a scoundrel, and he had not attained his twentieth year. He did not know how to tell the truth, because the very foundations of truth and honor and integrity had been destroyed in gambling. I found a young man some time ago in distressing circumstances, about to fall into the hands of the law because of his extravagance. I lent him money, and he promised everything, and he kept no promises. He took good pains, however, to keep the money. I have bought with tears and prayers and sacrifices to save scores of young men when once under the influences of gamblers and gambling, and I have never succeeded in saving one to my knowledge. I have advanced money again and again to keep them out of jail and from public disgrace, and I have in every case lived to regret it. I have never advanced one of them a dollar that has been returned. The reason is they do not know how to tell the truth. They do not know the value of money. They have lost their powers of reckoning from the moral point of view.

A young man with brilliant mind and liberal education came to the city some time ago. His life had been hallowed by prayer from his cradle. He had the brightest prospects before him. He had the highest testimonials in his pockets. He had the best avenues open for success. But he went to the races one day. He went again; he continued to go. He dropped from the race track into the poolroom and from the poolroom to the house of strange women, where he lived in debauchery for a year, until wrecked in both body and soul. There is nothing in him now to build on. He does not know the meaning of honesty or truth or manhood. I have seen this thing go on until my soul was sick unto death.

MR. RICHARD CROKER.

Our legislature has recently had a spasm of virtue most remarkable, and they have given us a bill to close the poolrooms, for which we devoutly thank God. We would not deceive ourselves, however, as to the cause that produces this remarkable piece of legislation. The reason we succeeded in getting it was simply that Mr. Richard Croker, our boss, has himself decided to go into the race track business. He has recently purchased, so report declares, the famous Belle Meade farm of race horses in Tennessee for $500,000. Besides this amount, the distinguished Tammany chieftain is known to have spent $60,000 in the purchase of race horses last fall. The source of this marvelous wealth, pouring from a man who never followed any regular business except office holding in the city, is of course one of the modern miracles as yet to be explained. The poolrooms were in full blast up to a short time ago, when Mr. Croker or some one else in power determined to shut them. The poolrooms are of course the enemies of the owners of race horses and the owners of race tracks.

We hope that between these two rivals we may at least reduce the evil while the fight continues. But no one who has any knowledge of the condition of our cities today will believe for one moment that the poolrooms can ever be suppressed so long as the race tracks are legalized by our lawmakers. It is unfair, it is unreasonable, and it is legislation for a disreputable portion of the community. The whole race track business is of the same piece. It is gambling pure and simple. There is not a race track in America that could live one year without gambling.

I charge the race track with the fact of lowering the tone of the nation's life at its centers, and of lowering it to a degree of debt and conscienceless effrontery never before known in our history. This fact was aptly illustrated recently when Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of the English world, was buried in Westminster abbey. Tennyson was the matchless songer who paid that wonderful tribute to Albert the good, the father of the present Prince of Wales. Thus he sang of Albert:

Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander—no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her.
* * * * * * *
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure, but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot!

So sang the bard of the consort of her who sits upon the throne and worthily and with dignity impersonates the power of the English people. And yet while they were burying the great poet and while the whole world stood with uncovered head, even outside of England, the Prince of Wales, instead of going to the burial, preferred to spend the day at the race track. The contrast between the Prince of Wales and his father is a very clear expression of the contrast between the tone of national life today and what it was during the life of Albert. And for this lowering of character and of manhood the race track has played one of the mightiest roles.

THE POLICY SHOP.

Second—The power of the pestilence we observe in the development of the policy shop of the modern city. Our streets are honeycombed with these institutions, in which boys as well as young men are ruined from day to day. The bootblack and the newsboy begin their downward career from the time that they can earn three pennies on the streets. The extent to which this business is carried on is something appalling to those who have ever investigated it.

A recent defalcation in a lawyer's office of a trusted clerk revealed the fact that he had stolen $125,000 and lost it all in the policy shops of New York city. In these shops workingmen spend their hard earnings and leave their families to starve. Boys, catching the spirit that breathes through them, can be seen on any street in the city, where they congregate, tossing up their pennies and gambling until the last cent of their earnings is lost, and until the last cent of what they can steal is staked. What the harvest will be when these young gamblers have grown to manhood it takes no prophet to foretell.

Third—We see the tremendous power of this evil in our city in the daring and defiant gambling holes themselves. There are always from 50 to 100 gambling holes, with all the apparatus of their species of chance game, running in full blast in the city of New York. These are the illustration of the daring of the gambling spirit. The number of these institutions and the number of their immediate patrons in no sense measures the actual gambling evil of the city. We have 5,000 barrooms, for instance, in New York, and in every one of these barrooms there is a room dedicated to the gamblers, and there is not a night in the year that there is not gambling in progress in these barrooms. These are the feeders to the 50 or more grand central institutions in which the professionals ply their trade. Many of these gambling institutions are as well established and as well known as the great dry goods establishments on Sixth avenue, and some of them are older. Some were established as far back as 1835 and have been running continuously, with brief interruptions of a few weeks, during all the years since their founding and at the same stand in the city.

DALY'S GAMBLING HELL.

In one of these institutions it is said that one man lost in a single night $118,000. A young man from a western city recently arrived in New York and made collections for his firm. He went to Daly's gambling hell and lost all the ready money he had in his possession. He cashed the checks for the money he had collected and lost that. He left Daly's absolutely penniless, with his hotel bill unpaid and not enough money left to get out of the city. The profits of Daly's house are often as high as $20,000 or $30,000 in a single day. When the game is opened at night, they start in with no money in the drawer. The first money that is deposited there is that passed in by the player who first buys his checks.

The manager of another one of these established institutions recently said to a reporter, who asked him the heaviest amount of money ever won at his table at one sitting: "Sixteen thousand dollars. This amount was won by a young doctor who used to play here frequently. The doctor played $100 on the colors, and a continuous run of luck put him $16,000 ahead of the game in an evening's play." "Did he keep it?" asked the reporter. "No. Few people who play on the outside ever keep their winnings. A few months after this winning I won $20,000 from the doctor in one night's play. He continued losing, and six months later," said the gambler, "we picked up the newspaper one morning and found that he had committed suicide after robbing his sister's estate of a large sum."

Such are the higher institutions of gambling where the so called square game is played. The great majority of the gambling institutions are those where tricks and liquor and sharpers and cutthroats and a dissolute winning are the levers used to fleece their victims. There is no trick too mean to be resorted to. The man that goes into the average gambling hell in New York usually comes out without a dollar in his pockets at last, and he is fortunate if he can come out the front door.

These men do not hesitate, have not hesitated again and again, at murder when the winnings were so large that they were afraid of possible exposure and trouble. Again and again do the papers in New York report mysterious disappearances. Again and again in every city of America are these disappearances reported, and again and again do the tides bring in the bodies of unknown dead. The rivers with their secrets could tell the story of many a life that closed in play in a gambling hell. How many men are killed in our cities and spirited away—thrown into the sewers, thrown into the rivers—God alone knows. The work goes on continuously, and the world is practically none the wiser.

There is no brute more heartless than the confirmed gambler. A group of gamblers recently went into a church and broke open a vault, took out a dead body, dragged it to the table, placed it on the table themselves around this [illegible] They played cards, [illegible] the whole night. This is [illegible] of the spirit of daredevil [illegible] brutality, of irreverence [illegible] indifference, which is the [illegible] companiment to the gambling

But the evil is far [illegible] The gambling spirit today [illegible] atmosphere of the city. [illegible] dren in the street breathe [illegible] are full of it from day to [illegible] wonder that it should not [illegible] I was amazed a short time [illegible] my eldest boy, only 6 years [illegible] ing with the utmost accuracy [illegible] guage of the race track, with glee that he was a [illegible] they had races every day on [illegible] His playground was near [illegible] on Ninety-fourth street, [illegible] were the neighbors' children [illegible] the vocabulary of the gamester [illegible] ly. They knew the method [illegible] races, of deciding bets, and [illegible] race club organized. The [illegible] air of the city is full of it.

ALL NEW YORK CLUBS GAMBLE.

Not only do we breathe the [illegible] atmosphere in public, in the [illegible] the shops, in the hotels, but [illegible] of our very social organizations [illegible] are 500 social clubs in the city of [illegible] York, and every one of these [illegible] have their buildings or their [illegible] more or less a gambling room. [illegible] great clubs are all of them [illegible] gambling holes, and some [illegible] disreputable gambling hells [illegible] of New York are organized [illegible] basis in order to avoid the [illegible] of the police. I dare say [illegible] clubs of the city of New [illegible] this fact. Playing cards [illegible] one of their standard [illegible] When they are not drinking [illegible] wine, they are playing [illegible]

Nor must we be unfair to [illegible] ment of the low gambling [illegible] the high toned, swell [illegible] Stock Exchange, in which [illegible] handled from day to day [illegible] gambling hell. Our correspondent [illegible] long ago decided that the Stock [illegible] is a gambling institution, [illegible] well dressed, high bred [illegible] are of the same low stripe [illegible] Daly and Mr. John Morrissey [illegible] come down to bottom facts [illegible] with bigger stakes. They [illegible] money, and they work [illegible] the gambling hell is stained [illegible] and murder, so this exception [illegible] bets on grain, its bets on [illegible] the trick of a margin or a [illegible] must answer at the bar of [illegible] homes and blasted lives. [illegible] must answer that touches [illegible] tolerates it with its law.

The Panama scandal [illegible] the very existence of the [illegible] ment is the result of a [illegible] to which the French government [illegible] aid. Is it any wonder that [illegible] corruption were the result [illegible] lottery? What else could [illegible] What else ever has been [illegible] the world was founded? [illegible] please today, and wherever [illegible] touches the trick of the [illegible] pay for it and in the same [illegible] individual fool pays. Only [illegible] in the track of every gambler [illegible] legalized and unlegalized [illegible] tion in the Sandwich Islands [illegible] close upon a lottery bill. [illegible] and degradation of the [illegible] classes can be directly traced [illegible] that they spend $10,000,000 [illegible] national lottery.

WANTED—A QUARANTINE [illegible]

The hope of any nation [illegible] men. Let the nation take [illegible] There are no [illegible] gambling hell tonight [illegible] night, and you will scarcely [illegible] above 40 years of age. Only [illegible] men gamble? Why? Because [illegible] do not grow old. They die [illegible] are consumed in this hell on [illegible] average life is so small that [illegible] case to find a man over 40 [illegible] at the gambling table. The [illegible] stake and lose are from 20 [illegible] years of age. The rest are [illegible] gone. They have gone to [illegible] They have gone to the lunatic [illegible] have gone to the morgue, [illegible] gone to the jail. They have [illegible] penitentiary. They have gone [illegible] lows and the electric chair. [illegible] hood is the hope of the nation, [illegible] hope of the world. If we [illegible] the nation, our cities must [illegible] antine not only for cholera, [illegible] gambler.

Wanted—a quarantine [illegible] dynamiter. We are discussing [illegible] lem of how to save society [illegible] namite fiend. Piracy we have [illegible] The slave trade we have outlawed [illegible] are punished as offenses against [illegible] man race. Laws against the [illegible] national; for all the world, [illegible] ca, universal. The pirate, [illegible] slave trader we will not [illegible] day has come when the dynamiter [illegible] the gambler must be added to [illegible] list.

There is no deeper hell on [illegible] the hell to which the gambler [illegible] yet thousands of gates that lead [illegible] hell spring wide open before [illegible] today. There are at least [illegible] bling institutions, counting [illegible] rooms, that are in blast every [illegible] this city. And other cities [illegible] as high a proportion. There [illegible] a young man who enters one [illegible] tions. A mother's tears have [illegible] many a wayward boy from [illegible] father's appeal has put him [illegible] the road of honesty. A [illegible] love has led the drunkard [illegible] cups; but, alas! for the gambler [illegible] should be written across [illegible] "He who enters here is [illegible] hope." He has gone to the [illegible] The cry of wife and child [illegible] home and homelife, no longer [illegible] heart, and he who cannot [illegible] of his own in cold and hunger [illegible] in the deepest hell. Dr. Cuyler [illegible] said:

Dark is the night. How dark! [illegible] fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint [illegible]
Shivering she watches by the [illegible]
For him who pledged her love [illegible]

"Can he desert me thus? He knew [illegible]
Night after night in loneliness [illegible]
For his return, and yet he [illegible]
No! No! It cannot be! He will [illegible]

"Nestle more closely, dear one, [illegible]
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing [illegible]
not part!
Husband, I die! Father, it is [illegible]
O God, protect my child!" The [illegible]
three.

They're gone, they're gone! [illegible]
spark hath fled.
The wife and child are numbered [illegible]
On the cold earth, outstretched [illegible]
The babe lay frozen on its mother's [illegible]
The gambler came at last, but [illegible]
Dread silence reigned around. [illegible]
four.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED. [illegible] Macon, Ga., "My weight was 200 lbs. [illegible] gon, Mo., "My weight was 200 lbs. [illegible] now it is 160 lbs., a reduction of 40 lbs. [illegible] better that I wrote, not take $1,000 for [illegible] was. I am both surprised and proud of [illegible] send your testimonials to all sufferers [illegible] cheerfully answer all inquiries if stamp [illegible] PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. [illegible] Harmless. No Starving. Send 6c in stamps [illegible] DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'PICKER'S [illegible]

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